THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Chamberlain Must Go!	*Sir Stafford Cripps*
Cross and Swastika	*Gunther Buxbaum*
Blood Royal	*J. B. S. Haldane*
Mussolini's Bloodhound	*Edmond Demaître*
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The White Scourge (A Play)	*Karel Capek*

THE WORLD OVER — THE AMERICAN SCENE — LETTERS AND THE ARTS
BOOKS ABROAD — NOTES AND COMMENTS — MISCELLANY

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

ON JANUARY 25, Sir Stafford Cripps was expelled by the National Executive of the British Labour Party, after his refusal to resign. Sir Stafford has long been a thorn in the side of orthodox British Labour leaders. His offense was that he had advocated a popular front of all anti-Chamberlain forces in the country and had circulated his views in a manifesto [p. 8] to local party groups in defiance of his party's leaders. His contention was that Labour's chances of winning the next general election were hopeless unless the Party, whose 'pure Socialism' is growing more and more narrow and sectarian, would unite with Liberals, discontented Conservatives and Communists. With his expulsion, the Opposition Front Bench will lose its most effective member. But the antagonism created inside and outside the Party is so great and his following so considerable that this will not be the end of the matter.

IN 'Pre-Fascist France,' Jacques Madaule, a keen political observer, writes about the future prospects of his country. He feels that France is in a period of transition, prevented from going Fascist by the incompetence and timidity of the Fascists themselves. Jacques Madaule is associated with such writers as Mauriac, Maritain and Bernanos on the Catholic weekly *Le Temps Présent.* [p. 13]

THE September crisis ended not only the career of President Beneš but also that of his friend Karel Capek. The great playwright has survived the destruction of his country by only a few weeks. Capek's death at the age of forty-eight deprives European letters of a famous and lovable figure and European drama of one whose contribution to it will be long remembered. Capek was best known for *The Insect Play* and *R.U.R.*, the robot play which gave a new word to Europe and sought with nightmare fantasy to dramatize the dangers of extreme mechanization. His greatest work lay not in his gentle satire on national or individual weakness, but in the exposure of the tyrannies and tendencies that threaten mankind. His latest play, from which we reprint two scenes, is a savage attack on the latest plague of the world: totalitarianism.[p. 17]

PROFESSOR J. B. S. Haldane, the noted scientist, who writes a serious treatise about hemophilia on page 26, says about himself: 'Age 45. Weight 235 lbs. Bald. Now Professor of Biometry (whatever that is). Politically unconscious till 1933 when Hitler made him a strong anti-Fascist. Main scientific discoveries in fields of breathing, drug action, heredity and evolution. First vivisected at age of three (four?). Can swim a mile with a pipe alight. Likes to drive car continuously for twelve or more hours, preferably being fed sausages by colleague. Regards controlled skid as best example of negation of negation.'

IN OUR section entitled 'The German Scene' we are reprinting three articles from that country's periphery. 'Hitler's Palace in the Clouds' gives an account of the Führer's super-private sanctum in the mountains [p. 32]; the next article, taken from Göring's own organ, reveals some illuminating facts about 'The Gentle Art of Spying.' [p. 33] Karl Zuckmayer, a German playwright, frequently described abroad as the successor to Gerhart Hauptmann, is best known for his *Captain of Kopenick*. Recently he wrote the scenario for Laughton's picture *Rembrandt*. The little piece entitled 'Non-Aryan without a Complex' is taken from an autobiography called *Pro Domo* and published in Stock-

(*Continued on page 98*)

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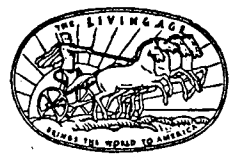

March, 1939 *Volume 356, Number 4470*

The World Over

THAT EUROPE, well before the year is over, will be entirely under the sway of the Fascist-Nazi economic doctrines seems inevitable, short of a revolution. It will not, however, be the result of any bowing down to the Rome-Berlin bloc. Nor will armed strength be a deciding factor, despite the current clamor about armaments. It will be simply because the machinery of the democratic form of government no longer suits the needs of the ruling groups in those few remaining countries where lip-service to democracy still prevails. For actual democracy is a threat to private privilege. Mr. Chamberlain has surrendered to others both land and people, but so far in his disastrous travels he has always returned with his symbolic umbrella firmly grasped in his hand, for that umbrella is his very own.

Yet it is safe to say that the questionable policies of Mr. Chamberlain no more represent the desires of the British people as a whole than do the policies of M. Bonnet represent France. Rather, they represent—and only too well—the aims and ambitions of minority ruling groups. At the moment the democratic masses of France and England have no strong voice in the foreign policies of their countries, and, in the matter of home affairs, their voices are in danger of soon being stilled.

THE HIGHLY UNPOPULAR Franco-German Pact is a case in point. M. Georges Bonnet, its perpetrator, and largely responsible for France's

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vacillating foreign policy, is perhaps the most cordially disliked man in France today. Daily he is attacked not only by the Leftist press, but by the moderate *Europe Nouvelle* and the conservative *Epoque*. To date, his foreign policy has been underlined by duplicity and prevarication. It is an open secret that during the Munich Pact discussions, he misrepresented to Lord Halifax the report of General Gamelin on France's readiness to fight. He gave his chief, Daladier, a warped version of his earlier conversations with Litvinov. On more than one occasion he was discovered to have withheld important and pertinent information from the Parliament, and as a result was almost mobbed by irate deputies. More recently, at a press conference on Italian affairs, he made an earnest appeal for moderation and restraint, pointing out that however great the temptation to reply in kind to the Italian press, nothing but harm could come of it. When this was interpreted as an attempt to muzzle the press, Bonnet reminded reporters of the service rendered by Italy to France at the time of the World War, recalled the promise of colonial expansion under the Agreement of 1915, and expressed the view that, after all, Italy had received little more from the 1935 (Laval-Mussolini) Agreement than a few African deserts.

In view of Daladier's attitude on the Italian claims, this latter statement was not only unfortunate but embarrassing, giving the impression that possibly the Prime Minister and his Foreign Minister are divided on vital questions. More important, Bonnet's attitude encouraged Italian intransigence to an even more dangerous degree. Even the London *Times*, which thunders but faintly when it comes to sacrifices by others, expressed surprise at the idea of the Foreign Minister of France serving as Mussolini's echo.

Hated by the press and by the Parliament, distrusted by the French public, it might be difficult to explain how M. Bonnet could properly be called a true representative of a democratic country. But in the explanation would be found one of the principal reasons for the present plight of European democracies.

MEANWHILE THE COST in human suffering of a Fascist Europe is yet to be computed. In Germany there are more than 60,000 children whose parents have been thrown into concentration camps, or have been otherwise deprived of their means of livelihood. More than half of these children are Catholic or Protestant; the rest are Jewish. Many are so-called non-Aryans, with one or more Jewish grandparents. Others are guilty of being born to pure-blooded Teutonic parents of liberal and independent opinions. These children are perhaps the most unfortunate and tragic victims, and at the same time the most vivid symbol, of Nazi barbarism.

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The United States cannot be expected to harbor all victims of persecution; yet children constitute a special case. Already, Great Britain has agreed to accept many thousands of them, and so have other and smaller European States.

A bill, just introduced in Congress by Senator Wagner and Representative Edith N. Rogers, would permit 10,000 German refugee children 'of every race and creed' to be admitted during each of the calendar years 1939 and 1940. The children would all be under fourteen years of age, and thus would not be a burden on the labor market. They would not become a public charge since they would be brought in only by those willing to receive and support them. The total number would amount to but one refugee child to 2,000 children under fourteen now in the country. This bill would in no way disturb the present quota system under the immigration law.

The deed, small as it is, seems well worth doing. Before the present economic strife is over, there may be need for children, to rebuild a world lost through greed.

ITALY, TOO, IS TROUBLED by the human equation. Notwithstanding serious economic difficulties, enormous sums are being spent to carry through the monster demonstrations which greet Mussolini on his visits to Italian cities, according to *Giustizia e Libertá*, the Italian anti-Fascist paper appearing in France. All workers, regardless of rank, are obliged to contribute to the staging of these demonstrations.

The following circular, distributed by the local unions of the Fascist Federation of Agriculture, indicates the 'spontaneous' character of these contributions:—

No. 3669/36 Trieste

Object: Visit of the Duce

The news of the impending visit of the Duce has filled the hearts of all—city and country folk alike—with deep joy and legitimate pride; preparations are already under way to demonstrate with timely manifestations the gratitude and jubilation of the citizens of Trieste for the privilege and high honor bestowed upon them.

The members of the Federation, cognizant of the fact that they owe their all to the inspired and impassioned work of the Duce, do not wish to be outdone by others in the manifestation of their feelings upon the arrival of the Head of the Government. Therefore they have planned a program in which, we feel certain, every one without distinction, will feel the need of taking part.

The realization of this program, which will be announced later, requires certain funds which will be collected as follows: a Union official will be sent to the collector's office in order to enable members, when they pay their dues, to subscribe whatever amount they may deem fit. The official will suggest the approximate sum to be given by each member.

The unions reserve for themselves the right to report to their superiors in

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rank the names of those members who have generously answered this appeal as well as the names of those who, whether totally or only partially, have failed.

Long live the Duce!

The President,
Paolo Marcozzi

Whoever fails to contribute, or gives less than is expected from him, is reported as an anti-nationalist and is singled out for reprisals.

That these enforced contributions do not create much good will is known even to the authorities. Nor has the persecution of the Jews and the resulting wave of suicides been very popular among the Italian people. Even *Regime Fascista*, a Government organ, is aware of the spreading dissatisfaction. The following editorial, which may be ascribed to its editor, Roberto Farrinacci, makes this awareness very clear:—

It would be absurd to deny the presence of grumblers even within the ranks of the Fascist Party. There are those who dislike the *voi* (you) form of address, others who are moved by the fate of some Jew or other, some who disapprove of autarchy, others again who regret that we should insist that Catholics be Catholic in accordance with the dictates of the Church, and those who would like the Rome-Berlin Axis to be not of steel but of more pliable material. All, in chorus, wonder with anguish: 'When will Fascism stop keeping the nation on tenterhooks?'

These people might do well to learn once and for all that Fascism knows no truce. Our generation must live 'dangerously' as the Duce commands. Our whole past is as nothing to the future in store for us.

However, we realize that those who are physically and spiritually incapable of marching should have the right of being put to rest. Let them therefore step out of our way and have no fear. We shall be grateful to them for clearing our path of obstacles which are more irritating than they are effective.

What we shall never tolerate is the constant *muttering* which goes on in certain drawing-rooms, in certain circles, which ought to be called to the attention of the Secretary of the Fascist Party.

RECENT REPORTS OF A GERMAN-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE of some sort created considerable alarm in many quarters. The German trade delegation that recently went to Moscow obviously was more political than commercial. Germany would like very much to buy raw materials from the Soviet in exchange for manufactured goods, but the German goods Russia needs are chemicals, which, because of their war usefulness, Germany has been reluctant to sell. On the other hand, Berlin is now convinced that in the event of war the Soviet Union would adopt a policy of neutrality and non-intervention, fighting only if Russian soil was invaded.

Hitler's talk in January to the Reichstag plainly indicated that, for the time being, he and his Axis partner, Mussolini, have turned their eyes to the West, and the inference in Hitler's speech was that he had no

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thought of attempting an invasion of the Ukraine or any other move to the East which would involve violation of Polish or Soviet territory.

As an example of the coolness which had grown up between London and Moscow, the Russian Ambassador to England has seen Lord Halifax but three times in four months on official business. On two of these occasions it was at the request of the envoy himself. And it was significant that Chamberlain did not even inform Russia about his Rome and Paris discussions on the Spanish problem.

Subsequently, alarmed by Russia's realistic attitude toward Germany, Chamberlain attempted a belated about-face, indicated by a trade commission sent to Russia headed by Robert Hudson and Frank Ashton-Gwatkin, economic adviser to the Foreign Office, with the optimistic idea of renewing the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement of 1936. More important, however, in the light of British commissions in the past, is the fact that Hudson and Ashton-Gwatkin are planning to stop off in Berlin for a conference.

Precisely what a German-Russian pact would mean is difficult to guess. Besides threatening Western Europe, there would be curious repercussions in the Far East. Japan, who fears Communism probably more than any other country, might consider that the anti-Comintern pact with Germany was to all intents and purposes at an end. If Russia stayed neutral only as far as Europe was concerned, the Soviet could still hurl a terrific onslaught at Japan through China and Siberia. If, on the other hand, Hitler could persuade Russia to stay neutral on both fronts, Japan would be less hampered in its drive to 'exterminate' Chiang Kai-shek, whom Tokyo officially brands as China's own most dangerous foe.

GUAM, A PIN-POINT 7,000 MILES AWAY from the United States and surrounded by 1,450 other pin-points which comprise some of the Japanese Mandate Islands, today is a dot of land rising out of a black sea of doubt. Its primary claim to the spotlight of recent years is that, as the largest of the Mariana Archipelago (the Ladrone Islands) it is the last hop-off base for the Clipper planes on their westward wing to Manila, 1,500 miles further toward Asia.

Present proposals to fortify Guam have caused considerable alarm among the Filipinos, who see in the move a step on the part of Washington to re-examine the whole independence question and a move to retain permanent possession of the islands under a probably dominion status. Of late there has been considerable criticism of the Philippine Independence Act for three reasons: considerable gold has been uncovered there; the islands are quite likely to become dictator-ridden (Commonwealth President Manuel Quezon now is a diminutive Stalin and Hitler rolled

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into one); and the fear that, if Japan does not take the islands, Great Britain will seize them. Now—as for the past 40 years—the Filipinos have enjoyed the most benevolent and lavish master of any colony in the world, and their standard of living is the highest in the Orient; granted their independence, they stand to lose everything.

On the other hand, some observers believe that America's step Guamward is not so much concerned with the retention of the Philippines—the greatest colonial liability the world has ever known—as it is a move indicating some sort of agreement with Great Britain to coöperate in some future struggle for the complete domination of the Far East and the Western Pacific—which would mean, once more, that the United States is to be used as the foil to safeguard the fabulous British market in the Orient.

TO JAPAN, to whom the Guam defense plan can mean but one thing—a direct and deliberate threat—there are two distinct views on the subject. Development of the Guam base would place American guns and battleships into the very midst of the Japanese Mandated Islands, many of which have undergone harbor, port and landing field developments but which, so far as is known, are not fortified, in accordance with the Versailles treaty that ceded them from Germany. Saipan is but 90 miles from Guam and is one of the best natural bases that Japan has in the Marianas. Not far off are the strategically important Japanese islands of Yap (over which Washington and Tokyo disagreed violently as to ownership some years ago), Truk, Palau, Ponape, Jaluit, Rota and Wotje, while the fortified Bonin Islands are not far distant. Furthermore, since Guam is but 1,300 miles from Yokohama—almost 1,000 miles closer than Hawaii is to San Francisco—there has grown up a natural fear among certain Japanese elements that the United States has more than evil designs on Japan and quite possibly on China itself. On the face of it, these fears may have some basis. The usually cool-headed vernacular Tokyo *Asahi* goes so far as to see in the Guam plan an American attempt to establish a foothold in the Western Pacific 'to carry out an aggressive design against Japan while branding Japan an aggressor.' Suggesting that the United States 'assume a cautious and fair attitude in formulating its policy toward the Far East *vis-à-vis* Japan, instead of being misled by information partial to China submitted by 'Chinophile Ambassador Johnson,' the paper endorses Senator Borah's statement that the fortification of Guam 'is the most offensive and provocative military measure' he has seen in the past 55 years.

Meanwhile, the Japanese Foreign Office seems little concerned with the Guam plans, and doubts that the United States will spend the millions needed to carry them out. They recall that Tokyo already has re-

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ceived permission to use the well-equipped Pan-American Clipper plane facilities for a projected Tokyo-Manila and Tokyo-San Francisco airline, due to go into operation some time this Summer. Foreign Office officials point out that if the United States had serious plans to fortify Guam, this permission would never have been granted, as the topography of the island would become too well known to Japanese fliers and therefore quite useless as the site for strong secret fortifications.

WITH ALL THE POMP, color and intrigue of an elaborate musica comedy, the royal city of Kland, capital of rich Selangor, was the scene last month of a coronation—another victory for British diplomacy in the Malay Peninsula. When the 21-ounce, 22-carat gold crown, encrusted with 439 diamonds and 280 rubies, was placed upon the head of young Tungku Laxamana, by his elder brother whom he had replaced as heir to the rich Moslem monarchy, there arose a jubilant cry from the throats of the other Malay chiefs and nobles gathered from Borneo, Java and Sumatra, while 600,000 loyal subjects roared approval.

Even more jubilant were the British officials. Five years ago they selected Tungku Laxamana, third son of the aged Sultan Ala'idan Sulaiman Shah, to succeed to the throne of the little absolute monarchy in place of Crown Prince Tungku Masada, who showed small inclination to coöperate with Britain; and the second son, Tungku Badar Shah, who was 'wild and unprincely.' Tungku Laxamana, whose father died at the age of 80 last April, suited the rôle because he went to an English public school and had a modern outlook. Selection of the young heir in preference to his brother by the Colonial Office, however, promised to create considerable trouble and at a time and place when London could ill afford unrest in the East. As preparations for the coronation progressed, there were rumors in the noisy bazaars that the rightful heir was ready to seize the throne—and if the ex-Crown Prince could seize the royal palace at Kland he also could seize the country, and create a hostile base at the backdoor of Singapore, key to Great Britain's vast Far East dominions. Tense indeed were the gathered coronation guests, but more tense were the British Malayan officials.

Then came the dramatic surprise—the disgruntled ex-Crown Prince became reconciled and crowned his younger brother with the very headgear he might have worn himself. The news thrilled the little nation, that has been under the firm British thumb for 50 years. After the monarch had been crowned as the Sultan Alam Shah the grand finale was a riotous scene with much noise from the sacred drums, the royal pipers and the shouts of the gaily-clad entourage bearing krises, spears, the royal betel box and the gold spittoon. In one corner of the globe, at least, British diplomacy had won.

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A prominent Britisher falls out with the Labour Party; a Frenchman warns that France is drifting into Fascism.

Democracy *at* Odds

I. Chamberlain Must Go!

By Sir Stafford Cripps
From the *Tribune*, London Leftist Weekly

DURING the last twelve months the political situation has progressively deteriorated, both nationally and internationally.

The menace of the Fascist Powers has grown to alarming proportions under the encouraging hand of the British National Government. Democracy has been betrayed and Fascist aggression has been encouraged in Spain, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, China and elsewhere to such an extent that even the most vital interests of our own country are now jeopardized. At the same time that Government has shown itself completely incompetent to deal with domestic matters. Unemployment remains as bad as ever, working class standards and conditions are tending to decline and agriculture is in a state of chaos.

It is not at all unlikely that within the next few weeks or months Chamberlain will announce a reversal of his foreign policy upon the basis that he has tried appeasement and it has failed and that he must call on the Nation to unite behind him to fight Fascism in what will be a purely imperialistic war. When that moment comes, if public opinion is allowed to remain in its uncrystallized state, it will swing behind him, with results as disastrous as those of 1914–18 for the common people of this country and Europe.

There is today in this country the same quality of vague and undirected discontent which has formed the breeding ground for Fascist movements in other countries, and it has in it, for that very reason, real elements of danger so long as it remains without any definite direction or leadership. This is particularly true so far as the younger electors are concerned.

There has, too, come into being a very large body of agitation for some form of combined opposition to the Government. This agitation is, I am convinced, the true reflection of the experience of persons of all kinds and

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classes gained in carrying through combined work for Spain, China and similar campaigns. Through such work, many have become politically conscious for the first time and they realize the possibility of gaining their objective—the defeat of the National Government—by the translation of their coöperative endeavors for humanitarian ends into the field of politics.

It must be admitted, the strength of the Labour Party has not increased in anything like the same proportion as the intensity of anti-Government feeling. The rigidity of Party discipline, at a time when many most loyal members are convinced that joint work with other organizations would result in an increase of power, has led to the weakening of the Opposition forces and to discouragement in many areas. The refusal to permit members of the Party to coöperate in anti-Government and anti-Fascist work of any kind with other persons or groups active in the same direction, when accompanied by the spectacle of the leaders of the Labour Movement sharing the Albert Hall Platform with such typical reactionary members of the Government as Sir John Anderson and Mr. Ernest Brown, is not understood by the public generally and leads to the almost inevitable assumption that the Labour Party would rather combine with the National Government than with other opposition forces.

How then can we best help to protect the common people of Great Britain from the dangers of Fascism and war that arise out of the present critical circumstances? I regard this question as being identical with another one:—How can we obtain the best chance of defeating the National Government in the next election? Under the present circumstances it is only right to put this overriding necessity of defeating the National Government before all other considerations, so as to determine whether there is not something more effective that can be done.

II

The following propositions can be accepted as the basis for a calculation of the electoral chances at the next General Election.

1. At the very best the Labour Party and the opposition Liberals fighting independently cannot, under any circumstances likely to exist within the next year, win more than 266 seats, that is, all those seats held at present and in addition all those in which there was a Government majority of 3,000 or less at the last General Election. Of these some 38 would be held by opposition elements other than Labour, giving a net figure of 228 for Labour.

2. There are at present 62 seats held by the National Government on a minority (31) or a majority vote of less than 3,000 (31) owing to opposition by two or more parties, of which at least 39 (majorities less than 1,000) ought to be winnable if the Opposition is combined behind a single candidate.

3. In the remaining 330 seats (omitting Northern Ireland) there is little chance of the defeat of the National Government by a single Opposition Party. A number which may be variously computed, but which I compute in good circumstances as being 25–50, could be, I believe, won by a combined opposition. Such a number, if successfully fought, would give, with

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those seats of categories 1 and 2, the following result—Labour 228 plus, say, half of category 2, *i.e.* 20, equals 248; other opposition parties, Liberal, I.L.P., Communist, 38 plus half of category 2, 20, plus category 3, 25, making a total of 331, which would provide a working majority.

4. If the Labour Party and other opposition parties can win only these seats in category 1 and so are in a minority after the next General Election, then it means another 5 years of National Government whether in its present or in an equally bad reconstructed form, which event will, in my view, be fatal to democracy and to any prospects for a Socialist party for another generation.

If these premises are even approximately correct, then they show that the only alternative to the disastrous continuance in power of the National Government—which I assume that nobody desires—is the use temporarily of some tactic which will enable the essential extra electoral strength to be mobilized.

I certainly should not desire to encourage the party to any combination with other non-Socialist elements in normal political times. I have in the past always strenuously opposed such an idea. But the present times are not normal; indeed they are absolutely unprecedented in their seriousness for democratic and working-class institutions of every kind. In such times, it is impossible to overlook the fact that a too rigid adherence to party discipline and to traditional party tactics may amount to losing the substance of working-class freedom and democracy for the shadow of maintaining a particular type of organization which is in itself of no value.

In considering what tactics can or should be followed, the following points must be borne in mind:—

1. Everything possible must be done to increase the strength of the Party itself in all areas. For whatever tactic is to be employed, a strong Labour Party is a vital ingredient.

2. There must be no permanent sacrifice of Socialist principles even if a temporary postponement of some items of the Party's program becomes necessary. At the same time it must be realized that with the present urgent threat to democracy and freedom in our country, a progressive democratic block dominated by a numerically strong Labour nucleus would be vastly preferable to the continuance of the National Government in any form.

3. The Government that emerges in the event of the Opposition succeeding must have a practical program on both foreign and domestic policy, including all those measures considered essential by those who are sponsoring it.

4. The areas of coöperation sought, if any, must be wide enough to contribute effective increase in Opposition power but not so wide as to bring in elements so discordant that combined working with them is impossible.

5. The program must be simple, easily understood by the electorate and must be possible of attainment in a single Parliament.

6. The combined opposition, if any, must be presented to the country in such a form as to provide an effective counterblast to the 'National' camouflage which will be used by the Government, and also to convince people of all kinds that it is representative of the different interests and classes whom it is desired to attract within the Opposition.

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7. One of the greatest assets of such a combination in my view will be its appeal to the unpolitically-minded electorate from the fact that political leaders have shown themselves prepared to drop their particular party aims in view of their urgent determination to meet and deal with the very apparent National dangers.

If the Labour Party were to come out boldly as the leader of a combined opposition to the National Government, such a step would, I am sure, enormously increase its prestige and popularity in the country, and would bring within the ranks many who are not at present ready to join up because they are not convinced of its power or capacity to defeat the National Government.

III

The program must be considered as soon as possible. It is notoriously difficult to carry out a political campaign during the summer months. Once today's opportunity is missed, it is unlikely to recur in time to be made use of for the next elections. I suggest that an immediate and special appeal be made to the Youth movement as a whole upon the basis of combined youth activities and a special program, incorporating the main items which are already to be found in the programs of the various Youth movements, and which accord with the Labour Party's own program. The Party must also issue a manifesto inviting the coöperation of every genuine anti-Government party, or group of individuals who would be prepared to give support to the following items of policy:—

1. The effective protection of the democratic rights, liberties and freedom of the British people from internal and external attack.

2. A positive policy of peace by collective action with France, Russia, the United States of America and other democratic countries for the strengthening of democracy against aggression and a world economic reconstruction based upon justice to the people of all classes and nations.

3. Coöperation with the Trade Unions for advances in wages, bettering of working conditions, shortening of hours, raising of workmen's compensation and increase of holidays with pay.

4. Higher standards of nutrition, especially for children and mothers.

5. Improvements in the conditions and standards of the unemployed, including the removal of the Family Means Test.

6. Improved pensions for old-age pensioners and those older workers who should be encouraged to retire from industry.

7. Increased educational facilities freely open to all children irrespective of their parents' income, including an effective raising of the school-leaving age, with grants to parents where necessary, and the expansion of nursery schools, secondary and university education.

8. An immediate and serious tackling of the problem of unemployment particularly in such districts as the distressed areas and Lancashire, by the national planning of industrial development, and of the investment of new capital in industry and by rapidly increased public works to improve housing, education and other essential social services.

9. The full utilization of the pro-

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ductive resources of the land by giving planned assistance to agricultural development on the basis of a fair wage to the agricultural worker, a just return to the farmer and an equitable price to the consumer.

10. The national control and coordination of all transport services with fair wages for those working in the various industries.

11. National and controlled planning of the mining and allied industries so as to enable fair wages to be paid to the workers and fair terms to be given to the consumers.

12. Control over the financial resources of the nation through control of the Bank of England and the increase of direct taxation if necessary to enable the above program to be carried through.

The above program could, I believe, be carried through by a progressive Government with a wide popular support led by the Labour Party. It is very doubtful whether a purely Labour Government, even if it had a narrow majority in the House of Commons, could accomplish so much in a single term of office.

The Party should issue a statement to the effect that it would be prepared to assist in arranging for and to support combined Opposition candidates in such of those constituencies, not at present held by any Opposition members, as could offer no reasonable chance of success in a straight fight between any single candidate and the National Government, provided that such candidate would agree to support the main items of the above program. We should enter into negotiations with any Opposition party or group that accepted the above basis for a combined opposition with a view to making proper constituency arrangements. We should, too, begin a nation-wide campaign on this basis to appeal for support and funds for the carrying into operation of this program, in conjunction with all other parties, groups or persons who had signified their willingness to participate upon the basis stated.

It would be necessary in such an announcement to state clearly and categorically that:—

(a) Neither the Labour Party nor any party group or person joining on the above basis would be expected to relinquish any part of their beliefs or program except for the specific and limited purpose of the present emergency and for the creation of a temporary combination to fight the National Government.

(b) That the Labour Party only took this action because it was convinced that the emergency was such as to warrant and demand the temporary dropping of particular party interests in the cause of national and international salvation.

(c) That the Labour Party remained convinced that the only ultimate solution of the national and international difficulties were along the lines of its fullest Socialist program.

I am personally convinced, after giving the matter the most full and prolonged consideration upon all the material available to me, that nothing short of a program along these lines can enable the Party to organize the defeat of the National Government at the next election. Therefore, to continue upon the present line of non-coöperation with any other Opposition elements, while coöperating with the Government in such matters as the National Fitness Campaign and the

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National Register, is to make certain that the National Government will retain power for a further term of years with results that will in my view be disastrous to the freedom and democracy of the British People.

II. Pre-Fascist France

By Jacques Madaule

Translated from *Ordre*, Paris Conservative Daily

THE one evil from which French politics has always suffered is now revealed as an incurable one. French parliamentarianism has this inherent flaw: because of the extreme divisions of parties it can never achieve anything outside of a precarious majority, based on illusory understandings and at any moment subject to collapse. Hence the uncertainty of Cabinet combinations and the constant sordid Parliamentary intrigues. The débâcle of the Popular Front régime illustrates this state of affairs aptly. There was a great stirring throughout the country; but the united front of the proletariat and the middle class, a powerful combination from which one could expect everything, upon attaining the Parliamentary and administrative level, degenerated into the usual coalition of parties, each jealously striving to preserve its independence.

The breaking up of the Popular Front is an important factor in the pre-Fascist atmosphere in which we are living today. It is easy to forget that the Fascist movements all over the world are born in some critical moment of despair — despair perhaps all the more profound for having been preceded by the brightest hopes. The prospect of resuscitating the Popular Front is as fantastic as that of reëstablishing French hegemony in Europe. Even as the road is open before Hitler in Central and Eastern Europe, so the road to power would be open to the French Fascists — if they but knew how to profit by the occasion. We should have no more illusions as to the resisting powers of the trade unionists, who are as divided among themselves as the political parties on the questions of foreign policy and relations with the Communists.

But are there actually French Fascists? The question may seem naïve; it is, nevertheless, of prime importance. The existence of a Fascist party, ready to take up power when given an opportunity, is essential to the creation of the pre-Fascist stage. For the moment such a party does not exist in France. In this the French situation differs profoundly from that of Italy in 1922 or Germany in 1932. Of course, one recognizes the existence of Doriot and his 'Liberty Front' and of the Cagoulards; in many bourgeois and traditionally conservative circles various disquieting symptoms are appearing of the totalitarian infection, which is spreading even into the ranks of the Radical Party. Nevertheless, the movement has not yet taken solid shape.

It is sometimes said that French Fascism might adopt as a slogan the words: 'Peace at any price.' Such a

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motto, however, which would mean France's complete renunciation of her place in the world, has no resemblance to the burning slogans that inspire young Italians and young Germans. It may enchant a few simple souls but has no real future. A form of Fascism that would offer no other program except that of perpetual capitulation would be an original phenomenon indeed.

Those who envisage in France the establishment of a régime shaped after foreign models are not aware of the true situation of our country. Although threatened from all sides, France's position still commands considerable advantages. For us it is not so much the question of expanding as of preserving and consolidating what we already have. Fascism is a revolutionary movement, whose very existence depends upon violent change. But France has everything to fear from changes brought about by brute force. It is hard to see how Fascism can modify its original nature to conform to these conditions and still remain Fascism.

II

This does not mean that the danger of Fascism does not exist in France. It is there, growing in exact proportion to an increasingly difficult domestic and foreign situation. On all sides there is talk of sacrifices, heroic efforts and an austere and hard policy. Can the present régime impose such a policy on the people? The consensus of opinion seems to be in the negative and that is why so many people seem disposed to adjust themselves to any convenient solution. Fascism is born of disillusionment with democracy. It will be accepted as a desperate remedy. It is this despair that we must bend all our strength to combat.

France is in danger of succumbing to that form of Cæsarism which is in our day expressed by leader-worship. Tired of incessant futile chatter, many people tend to think that one man ruling in the name of all would be a considerable saving of time and strength. Although this opinion must be combated, there is some truth in it. It is impossible to create a sense of responsibility without restoring the concept of authority; and the true nobility of a free man lies in his willingness to accept a certain amount of subordination. But the free man abdicates his freedom only for a little time and within certain limits. In the Fascist tendencies now cropping up among us is revealed a spirit of laziness and collective remissness, a certain lack of civic duty. People feel that it is much easier to obey without arguing; they forget that power is an intoxicating wine that mounts easily to the strongest heads.

We are just beginning to realize that we have no efficient Government, just as we have no efficient Parliament. In September Daladier wavered weakly between those members of the Cabinet who counseled capitulation and those who were for resistance. In October, he turned in a few days from Marchandeau to Reynaud, after having declared at Marseilles that he had chosen his course. This did not prevent him from being madly acclaimed when he came back from Munich and from being regarded today as a 'Leader of Men.' We do not reproach Daladier with being what he is. He is full of excellent intentions — just as Brüning had great virtues. Yet it is apparent that he is the very opposite

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of a true leader and that his verbal energy serves to hide a profound irresolution. The trouble is that at the moment there is no one better. There are certainly intelligent men — for example, Paul Reynaud. But where are men with character who would be able to take over in the hour of need?

The advent of Fascism is possible under the double aegis of fear and hate. Innumerable hatreds smoulder in the smallest village of France—until now they have found an outlet in innumerable electoral squabbles. The day they are united they may prove an irresistible force—it is only the question of directing this force against a suitable scapegoat. Anti-Semitism is one that is most commonly proposed. It can attain particular virulence in the East or in Algeria, but not elsewhere, in spite of the recent influx into France of Jewish refugees. Anti-Communism is a more cogent pretext. Clever propaganda can invest the Comintern with all the sins of Israel. Everything is now being blamed on the Communists. If we are staggering beneath the weight of armaments; if we have not yet escaped the danger of war; if General Franco feels obliged to bleed his country white; if the French production has fallen 25 per cent—it is always the fault of Communism. The world would be a paradise without Stalin. One can't help wondering how soon he'll be blamed for the cold spell. But that's the way national unanimity is created.

III

Bearing this in mind, we must oppose the Reynaud decrees. In themselves they do not constitute pre-Fascist measures. On the contrary, they are the last attempt to cure economic ills with the means characteristic of a liberal system. But it can't be denied that here and there they seem to have conceded to the spirit of the time. What, for example, can be the meaning of the measures taken against foreign workers and merchants if not an attempt to pander to the xenophobic emotions and to create a psychological compensation for the material sacrifices imposed upon the people by the authorities.

We must, at the same time, abandon all illusions about deflation. Nobody dreams that a contraction of public expenses will be sufficient to absorb a deficit of 50 billions. We must rather draw to the fullest extent upon the potential economic resources of our country, demanding from the working class a surplus of labor. Also, the return of fleeing capital must be assured. There was a choice between controlling the currency and an attempt to create a state of confidence. Replacing Marchandeau by Reynaud meant that the second solution was chosen. It is not a Fascist one. You can call Reynaud anything but a Fascist. It is rather a collection of conservative measures, meant to reassure property owners and in certain aspects directed against the political and syndical formations of the working class.

On the other hand the period of severe restrictions upon which we are entering will injure not only the working class but also the middle classes, which, on one hand, see their possessions dwindling, and on the other, are menaced by proletarianization. The Fascists' game consists in arousing them against the proletariat. When they have succeeded in doing

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so, the middle classes will be ripe for Fascism. As for the proletariat, in France more than anywhere else it is incapable of resisting alone the coalition of the lower middle class and the higher bourgeoisie. The great value of the Popular Front was that not only did it prevent this coalition but it also was able to achieve another one between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie. But today the Radical Party, which largely represents the middle class, has put an end to this alliance by breaking officially with the Popular Front. That it has become difficult if not impossible to govern in concert with the Communists is an admitted fact. This does not mean that the Government must systematically direct all measures against them, delivering them over to the public contumacy. For whether we wish it or not, the Communists have the ear of the great part of the working class and action against them is bound to look like action against the latter.

A financial recovery is expected in the near future. But we must be ready for the worst. If this recovery is delayed, for reasons which are only too easy to perceive, the bourgeois will see closing before him all the outlets that had been provided him by public employment and we will see the growing unemployment among young intellectuals transforming them into social outcasts and failures, ready for any adventure. It is among these embittered and desperate groups that Fascism will find its best recruits. At the same time the higher cost of living will strike at the families with fixed incomes, whose embarrassed circumstances will then give way to downright poverty. Here, too, is a fertile soil for Fascist propaganda, if the exponents of Fascism are only clever enough to direct their anger into right channels: against the working class, which they will charge with sabotage against production; against the foreigners and the Jews, who are supposed to have all the best positions (this is where the agitation for the numerus clausus law comes in); against the democratic institution itself whose impotence and graft were the origin of all its evils.

It has often been suggested that France's rural character holds in itself an antitoxin against the infection of totalitarianism, which the individualism of the peasants cannot help but find repugnant. While there is a measure of truth in this remark, it must also be remembered that Dorgères is at present carrying on considerable agitation among the peasants, the nature of which is not sufficiently appreciated in the cities. Peasants certainly will not indulge in Fascist activities of their own will, but they may accept them passively.

In truth, France today resembles a vast swamp in which all the resisting forces are being quietly and unobtrusively submerged. Yet it does not befit us to despair. The reassuring factor in what I call French pre-Fascism is that the true Fascism, except in limited circles, is still not here. We are undergoing, under the most perilous conditions, a period of transition that may be prolonged indefinitely because there is no candidate to take up the succession of democracy. Everything is possible at this stage, even a rebirth of democracy—under one condition, however: that democracy divorce itself from the dead past and face the future with courage and resolution.

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These scenes are taken from the last play written by the great Czech dramatist before his recent untimely death.

The White Scourge

By KAREL CAPEK

Translated by PAUL SELVER *and* RALPH NEALE

[*The White Scourge, or Cheng's Disease, has gripped the country and has already killed many millions of men. Meanwhile, undaunted by the spreading epidemic, the Marshal is feverishly preparing for war. Dr. Galen, a doctor from the slums, is the only person who can cure the deadly disease. But he will not disclose his secret unless the men in power promise to stop wars forever.*]

THE CHARACTERS:

THE MARSHAL, *Leader of the Nation*
BARON KRUG, *munitions manufacturer*
PAUL
DR. GALEN

Scene: The Marshal's study

(THE MARSHAL, *very busy with documents of State, is seated at his desk, writing.* PAUL *enters.*)

PAUL

Baron Krug, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

Show him in.

(PAUL *goes out. A moment later he shows in* BARON KRUG, *and then exits.* BARON KRUG *crosses to the desk. Writing*)

Sit down, Baron.

(KRUG *sits down.*)

I won't keep you a moment.

(*After a pause he puts down his pen.*)

And now, Baron, we'd better get down to business.

(*The* BARON *makes as if to rise and stand to attention.*)

You needn't stand up, Baron. I asked you to come here so that you can report to me personally how your work is going.

KRUG

We've done everything possible, taken every contingency into account.

MARSHAL

And the result?

KRUG

I'm not satisfied yet. Though we are turning out 30 per cent more than the Headquarters are asking for.

(*These scenes are taken from Karel Capek's three act drama* Power and Glory, *which has not yet been produced in this country. It is here reprinted by permission of the Macmillan Company, New York.*)

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MARSHAL

Excellent.

KRUG

We are not making them for ourselves, you know.

MARSHAL

Gas C?

KRUG

Any amount you like, in spite of the accident yesterday.

MARSHAL

Accident?

KRUG

A retort in one of the workshops burst. Forty girls and three men killed. Death instantaneous.

MARSHAL

Pity to have an accident at a time like this. Well, Baron, your results are as good as I expected from you. Congratulations.

KRUG

Thank you, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

We are almost ready then?

KRUG

Quite ready, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

Thanks. I knew you wouldn't let me down. By the way, I am very satisfied with your nephew Paul.

KRUG

Thank you, your Excellency. I'm glad to hear that.

MARSHAL

It looks to me as if you and I are not only to be friends, Baron, but related by marriage. My daughter talks a lot about Paul.

KRUG

(*Standing up respectfully*)

That will be an honor for me, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

And I shall be more than pleased. I still remember that if it hadn't been for you I should never be where I am now. I couldn't forget that.

KRUG

I looked upon it as my duty, your Excellency. I did it for the country. It also happened to be in the interests of my work . . . well . . . I should be ungrateful if I didn't acknowledge that, shouldn't I?

MARSHAL

Krug, just before I marched with my troops against the Government and became Marshal, you and I shook hands. Do you remember?

KRUG

Moments like those are not easily forgotten, Marshal.

(*The* MARSHAL *rises.* KRUG *also rises.*)

MARSHAL

Well, soon I shall be starting on a greater and a more glorious campaign, so we'll shake hands on that, shall we?

(*The* MARSHAL *holds out a hand to* KRUG, *but* KRUG *shrinks back from him.*)

Anything wrong, Krug?

KRUG

Your Excellency, I can't shake hands with you.

MARSHAL

(*Surprised*)

Why not?

KRUG

Your Excellency, I am a leper.

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(*The* MARSHAL *flinches and stares at* KRUG *in amazement. He turns away.*)

MARSHAL
(*After a pause*)
Have you seen Professor Sigelius?

KRUG
Yes.

MARSHAL
What does he say?

KRUG
He could do nothing. So I went to Galen.
(*He goes to the window.*)

MARSHAL
And what did he say?

KRUG
I can be cured in a fortnight.

MARSHAL
Good. I can't tell you how glad I am, Krug. Don't worry. You'll be all right again soon.

KRUG
(*Quietly*)
If I do the one thing that Galen asks me.

MARSHAL
Well, do it. It mustn't be a question of cost. There's too much at stake. What does Galen want you to do?

KRUG
(*As he sits at the desk*)
Merely to stop making war materials. . . .

MARSHAL
Oh, I see. Then he really is as mad as they say?

KRUG
Perhaps. And he certainly must be in your estimation.

MARSHAL
And not in yours?

KRUG
I'm sorry, your Excellency, but I've no alternative but to see the matter in a somewhat different light.

MARSHAL
(*Amazed*)
You don't mean you contemplate holding up the output of your factory?

KRUG
Technically speaking, it's not impossible for me to do that, your Excellency.

MARSHAL
Well, Krug? You must do something to persuade Galen not to insist on this outrageous condition.

KRUG
But his one condition for saving my life is that I should work for peace.

MARSHAL
Very well, stop the output at your factories for the fortnight you're under his treatment. It will be more than awkward, but we'll have to put up with it. We'll say it's my final gesture towards a peace settlement. Then, when the fortnight's up . . .

KRUG
My works would go ahead again? Thank you, your Excellency, but we could hardly consider that fair play to Galen, could we?

MARSHAL
Krug, you know as well as I do that fair play has nothing to do with war.

KRUG
I think you under-estimate Galen's intelligence. He's quite likely to make

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my treatment last much longer than a fortnight.

MARSHAL

Yes. He won't make it easy for you.
(*Rising, he goes to the fireplace.*)
Well, Krug, think it over and let me know your decision as soon as you can.

KRUG

I've already come to a decision.
(*The Marshal turns to him.*)

MARSHAL

Well?
(*He goes back to the desk.*)

KRUG

I've made up my mind to accept Galen's offer.

MARSHAL

(*Standing behind the desk*)
I don't understand. Are you as afraid as all that?

KRUG

No. You couldn't understand, Marshal. You couldn't know that ghastly feeling when fear cuts through you like a knife. I can't wipe out of my mind the sight of myself, behind barbed wire, shrieking against death. Shrieking: 'For God's sake, help me, someone! Will no one have mercy on me?' And there's no reply . . . but the shrieks of the thousands of other lepers dying around me.

MARSHAL

Krug, you and I are more than old friends. If I could do anything for anyone in the world, I'd do it for you. But what can I do for you?

KRUG

Peace, your Excellency. Make peace for my sake! Save me, save millions of other lepers like me!
(*Overcome by fear he suddenly sinks down on his knees before the* MARSHAL.)
Marshal, you've the power to save us! For Christ's sake, save us!

MARSHAL

(*Harshly*)
Get up, Baron! Get up! Don't be a damn fool! Get up!
(KRUG *rises and stands humbly before the* MARSHAL.)

KRUG

I beg your pardon, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

(*Coldly*)
You will increase the output of your factories. It's far from satisfactory. You understand?

KRUG

Yes, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

I need not remind you that your one duty is to your country. You must not forget that for one moment.

KRUG

I promise you, your Excellency.
(*The* MARSHAL *comes near to* KRUG.)

MARSHAL

We'll shake hands on that, then?

KRUG

No, Marshal. You forget . . .

MARSHAL

If I showed any fear, even to you, Krug, I could not remain Leader. . . . Your hand, Baron. I'm not afraid.

KRUG

(*Holding out his hand hesitatingly*)
At your service, Marshal.

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PALO ALTO

MARSHAL

Thank you, Baron.

(*The* MARSHAL *shakes hands with* KRUG. *The two men look at each other for a moment, then* KRUG *turns and goes out. The* MARSHAL *presses a bell.* PAUL *enters.*)

PAUL

Your Excellency?

MARSHAL

Find Dr. Galen.

——— CURTAIN ———

Time: The same day
Scene: Same as before

(*The* MARSHAL *is still seated at his desk. The* ADJUTANT *enters.*)

ADJUTANT
(*In the doorway*)

Dr. Galen, your Excellency.

MARSHAL
(*Writing*)

Bring him in.

(*The* ADJUTANT *goes out and enters with* GALEN. *They stand silent in the doorway. The* MARSHAL *continues writing; presently he speaks.*)

Dr. Galen?

GALEN

(*Awed by the* MARSHAL *and his surroundings, he is confused.*)

Yes, Professor.

ADJUTANT
(*Prompting him in a whisper*)

Your Excellency.

GALEN

I mean, your Excellency.

MARSHAL
(*Still writing*)

Come here.

GALEN

Certainly, sir—I mean, your Excellency.

(*He moves a few steps nearer. The* MARSHAL *puts down his pen and looks up at him.*)

MARSHAL

Dr. Galen, I've sent for you to congratulate you on the success of your cure for the White Scourge. Lately I have been receiving reports from the various health departments about your results.

(*He takes up a file of documents.*)

And I notice all those results have been endorsed by other doctors. It's an excellent achievement.

GALEN

(*Gratified, but still awed by the* MARSHAL)

Thank you, sir . . . very much indeed . . . your Excellency.

MARSHAL

I've drawn up a scheme, Doctor, which I think will meet with your approval. I'm going to turn the Holy Grail Hospital into a State institution for the treatment of Cheng's Disease. You will arrange to take up your duties there as medical superintendent —immediately.

GALEN
(*Alarmed*)

But . . . sir, I couldn't do that. I mean, it wouldn't be possible. I have such a large practice, your Excellency. I couldn't drop it.

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MARSHAL

You must consider it a command, Doctor.

GALEN

But I could never take on a post like that. I haven't had the necessary experience.

MARSHAL

Then I'll put the position to you in a different light.

(He *gives the* ADJUTANT *a significant look. The* ADJUTANT *goes out quickly. The* MARSHAL *continues.*)

Doctor, you've refused to treat Baron Krug.

GALEN

You'll forgive me, but I have not. I only said there was one condition.

MARSHAL

You're going to treat Baron Krug without any condition.

GALEN

I'm sorry, your Excellency, but I must insist on that condition.

MARSHAL

You know, Doctor, there are certain ways and means of compelling people to carry out orders.

GALEN

Yes, I know. Have me put in prison.

MARSHAL

Very well.

(*He makes as if to ring the bell on his desk.*)

GALEN

(*Disturbed by this, speaks before the* MARSHAL *can press the bell.*)

No, sir, you can't do that. I've so many patients who depend on me. If you lock me up, you'll kill them.

MARSHAL

(*Calmly*)

They wouldn't be the first people who've had to die when they stood in my way, Doctor. You think it over.

(*He gets up and goes to* GALEN.)

Tell me, are you mad, or do you see yourself as a hero, or what?

GALEN

(*Simply*)

No, sir, there's nothing heroic about me. But I served in the war as a doctor, and when I saw so many men die. . . .

MARSHAL

I served in the war, too, Doctor. The men I saw were fighting for their country, and I brought them back home as heroes.

GALEN

But I saw them—the men you didn't bring back. That's the difference, sir—your Excellency.

MARSHAL

What regiment were you with?

GALEN

(*Clicking his heels together with military precision*)

The 36th Infantry, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

A splendid crowd. You were given a decoration?

GALEN

Gold Cross with Swords, Marshal.

MARSHAL

(*Shaking hands with him*)

Well done, Galen.

GALEN

Thank you, Marshal.

MARSHAL

Good. You will now report yourself to Baron Krug.

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GALEN

I can't do that, sir.

MARSHAL

Insubordination? Very well.

(*He shrugs his shoulders and touches the bell on his desk. The* ADJUTANT *enters. To* ADJUTANT)

Have Dr. Galen put under arrest.

ADJUTANT

Yes, your Excellency.

(*As the* ADJUTANT *comes toward him,* GALEN *turns to the* MARSHAL.)

GALEN

Your Excellency, I wonder if you realize that one day you may need me?

(*The* MARSHAL *looks keenly at* GALEN.)

MARSHAL

I?

GALEN

Yes. Perhaps you.

MARSHAL

I think not.

(*He pauses for a moment, still looking at* GALEN, *then turning to the* ADJUTANT.)

You may go.

(*The* ADJUTANT *goes out. The* MARSHAL, *realizing his previous tactics have been useless, changes his tone toward* GALEN. *He tries being friendly.*)

Sit down, Galen.

(GALEN *sits. The* MARSHAL *takes a seat near him.*)

I've got something to say to you, Galen, but you're so pig-headed that I hardly know how to put it to you. Now listen! Baron Krug is a great man. He's of vital importance, not only to the country, but to me. And he is my one and only friend. I can rely on him as I can on no one else. You can't imagine, Galen, how lonely it is being a dictator. To have no one to whom you can talk on equal terms. I'm telling you this as man to man, because I'm going to ask you to do me a favor, and it's a long time since I asked a favor of anyone. . . . Doctor, save Krug's life.

GALEN

Your Excellency, you're making it very difficult for me. If I could I would help you willingly, but I want to ask you a favor, too.

MARSHAL

That's no answer.

GALEN

It is. You're not only a great statesman, but a power in the world. Your power is unlimited. Can you imagine what effect it would have if you made a real offer of lasting peace to the world? Can you possibly realize what a wonderful effect it would have? The whole world is arming because of you. If you were to say honestly that you want peace, the tension would be lifted. The world would feel free.

MARSHAL

(*Curtly*)

Might I remind you that we were talking about Baron Krug?

GALEN

Exactly. You can save not only him, but millions of lepers all over the world. All you have to do is to say that you're willing to make lasting peace. Won't you realize, your Excellency, that everything depends on you? Must I plead with you to save those wretched people who are dying in thousands, with no one but myself making an effort to save them? As for

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Baron Krug, refusing to save him hasn't been easy. For his sake, apart from the objections I have to his work. . . .

MARSHAL

It's impossible for Baron Krug to comply with your condition. It's absurd.

GALEN

You could put everything right, if you would only say the word.

MARSHAL

Must I explain it to you as if you were a child? Surely you don't imagine that the question of peace or war depends on my personal will? I have to act according to what best serves the interests of the nation. If the nation must go to war, then my duty is to prepare it for that war and lead it.

GALEN

Yes, but if it weren't for you the nation would never start a war of aggression, would it?

MARSHAL

(*Candidly*)

No. It couldn't. If it weren't for me the nation wouldn't be prepared for such a war. It wouldn't realize the strength of its chance, but today, thank God, it does realize, and I am only carrying out its will. . . .

GALEN

But you yourself have shaped and made it what it is—given it that will.

MARSHAL

Yes, I certainly have awakened it, made it a nation once more. Doctor, you believe that peace is better than war. I believe that a victorious war is better than an inglorious peace, and I have no right to deprive my nation of victory. . . .

GALEN

Or of its dead?

MARSHAL

Or of its dead. Can't you understand that their blood can transform a strip of mere foreign earth into a valuable part of our country which their children will use and be proud of—that it's only war that can turn a people into a nation and ordinary men into heroes?

GALEN

And into dead. In the war I saw more dead than living.

MARSHAL

That was your job, Doctor; and in my job I saw more of the heroes. You were given a war decoration for attending the wounded in no-man's land. Wasn't that bravery?

GALEN

No. Part of a doctor's work.

MARSHAL

(*The* MARSHAL'S *tone is sincere. He talks simply and without pomposity.*)

Now listen! About this peace talk of yours. Do you consider it a work that has been specially entrusted to you?

GALEN

I don't quite follow you, sir.

MARSHAL

What I mean is, do you consider you are guided in your actions by, shall we call it, a Higher Power?

GALEN

Not in the least. I'm doing this merely as an ordinary individual.

MARSHAL

You can't. In work like mine and yours, war and peace, there must be a

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higher will than man's to guide our actions.

GALEN

Whose will?

MARSHAL

God's. I know I have been commanded by God, otherwise I couldn't. . . .

GALEN

You mean you believe you're compelled to start this war?

MARSHAL

Yes, in the name of the nation. . . .

GALEN

Whose sons will die for it.

MARSHAL

Yes.

GALEN

While their parents die of leprosy?

MARSHAL

I'm not at liberty to discuss them, Doctor. They aren't soldiers and nothing else but the army must have any claim on me now. You will cure Baron Krug. The country needs him.

GALEN

Then the Baron can come to me.

MARSHAL

And give in to your impossible condition?

GALEN

Yes, your Excellency.

MARSHAL

Then I'm afraid, doctor, I have no option but to have you. . . .

(*The* MARSHAL *is about to ring the bell on his desk when the telephone rings. He takes up the receiver.*)

Yes? Speaking. What? . . . What? . . . He's . . . When did it happen? . . . Yes. . . Very well.

(*He puts down the receiver, turns to* GALEN *and speaks in a hoarse, lifeless voice.*)

Don't let me detain you any longer, Dr. Galen. I suppose I must thank God that five minutes ago Baron Krug shot himself.

CURTAIN

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The dramatic story of how hemophilia has affected the recent history of the world.

Blood Royal

By J. B. S. HALDANE

From the *Modern Quarterly*
London Leftist Quarterly

ROYALTY is based on the hereditary principle. The crown of England descends to the eldest son of the late king, or if no such heir exists, according to a not very complicated set of rules. That is an example of legal inheritance. But royalty also illustrates biological inheritance, which follows rules of its own.

One of these, hemophilia, has played a dramatic part in recent European history. We shall see how Queen Victoria played a minor, but not insignificant, part in bringing about the Russian and Spanish revolutions, and how a rather more materialistic outlook on the part of kings and their advisers might have altered the course of history.

When human blood is shed, it generally begins to clot in a few minutes, the time depending, among other things, on the temperature. The clotting is due to a very complicated chemical process which we need not describe in detail. We are gradually learning to control it. In a case of hemophilia shed blood takes anything from thirty minutes to a day to clot. Hence small cuts may be fatal, and a tooth extraction is a dangerous operation. Most hemophilics bleed into their joints and develop a stiffness like that of chronic rheumatism. Although the disease is not painful, apart from such secondary effects as this, it makes ordinary life very difficult, and is generally fatal in the early years of life.

True hemophilia, with one or two very doubtful exceptions, only occurs in males. It is not very rare. At the present moment there are at least thirty-five hemophilics alive in greater London, probably twice as many. If they had a normal expectation of life, there would be more than a hundred. So probably well over one English baby boy in 50,000 is born a hemophilic.

Hemophilia is a hereditary disease, though not in the ordinary sense of that word, since it is never (save in one case, where it may have been

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derived from the mother) handed down, like a crown or an estate, from father to son. On the contrary, although it generally occurs in several males in one family, it is always found that they are related through women.

II

The facts regarding hemophilia are as follows. Every nucleus of every cell (except some cancer cells and the cells such as spermatozoa destined for reproduction) in the human body contains forty-eight chromosomes, which can be seen with a microscope when the cell divides. A woman has twenty-four pairs, a man twenty-three pairs and two unequal chromosomes called the X and the Y. A woman has two X chromosomes and no Y. For that reason the usual symbol for man is XY and for women, XX.

When an egg is fertilized, one chromosome of each pair is ejected in a small granule called the second polar body, so that only twenty-four are left. In the testicles, cells called spermatogonia divide so as to give spermatozoa carrying only twenty-four instead of forty-eight chromosomes. Half receive the X and half the Y. An egg fertilized by a spermatozoön carrying an X gives rise to an embryo with two X chromosomes, and therefore female. One fertilized by a spermatozoön carrying a Y gives rise to a male.

Now the X chromosome includes an ultra-microscopical particle called a gene, which, like the rest of the chromosome, reproduces itself at each cell division, and which is somehow concerned in making a substance needed for blood coagulation. The Y chromosome, which is a good deal smaller than the X, carries no genes of these kinds. In a very small proportion of X chromosomes, the gene concerned in clotting is replaced by an inactive gene. A man with such an inactive gene is a hemophilic. But as one normal gene will do the work of two, a woman with one active and one inactive gene is generally normal.

The inactive gene can be handed down from a mother to her son or daughter, but by a father to his daughters only. If we represent a normal X chromosome by X, and one carrying the inactive gene for hemophilia by X', we have the following situation: a hemophilic father ($X'Y$) and a normal mother (XX) produce normal children. The sons (XY) do not transmit hemophilia to their descendants; but the daughters (XX') transmit it to half their sons, on the average; and they transmit the gene to half their daughters. Women of constitution XX' are called heterozygotes. These in turn can transmit it to their descendants, and so on. It is doubtful whether hemophilic women exist. They should theoretically be produced from the union of a hemophilic ($X'Y$) man and a heterozygous (XX') woman. Half the sons and half the daughters of such a union should, on the average, be hemophilic. But unions of this kind are, of course, excessively rare.

The process by which a normal gene becomes a hemophilic gene is called mutation—an uncontrollable event which occasionally interferes with the normal process of heredity. It takes place at the rate of about once in 50,000 human life cycles. That is to say, in each generation about one gene for normal blood-clotting in 50,000 becomes a gene for hemophilia. As a result of this process, the whole human

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race would become hemophilic in a few million years were it not negated by natural selection, which kills the hemophilics. The same is true for other undesirable genes. Thus the actual frequency of hemophilia represents a balance between the opposing processes of mutation and natural selection.

Hemophilia has occurred in a number of male descendants of the late Queen Victoria: in one son, and in at least three grandsons and six great-grandsons. It is quite likely that several other males have been hemophilic. 'The fierce light which beats about a throne' is an artificially manipulated spotlight rather than the normal light of day, and does not illuminate all the defects of royalty.

The present British royal house, the descendants of King Edward VII, has not been subject to hemophilia. As he was not a hemophilic, and none of his descendants have married into a hemophilic family, the Windsor dynasty has no hemophilic genes either on the surface, so to say, or below it, and there is no more likelihood of a hemophilic appearing among them than in any normal family.

III

Here is a list of Victoria's hemophilic descendants, illustrated by the table on page 29. In the table only the heterozygous and hemophilic descendants have been named. Several of Victoria's children were not hemophilic or heterozygous, and their descendants have been left out of the table for clarity's sake.

Leopold, Duke of Albany, Victoria's son. Was an invalid from birth. Described as having 'a skin as thin as tissue paper.' This is probably incorrect. But a scratch which a normal child would not have noticed must have bled for days, thus giving an impression of thinness. His illness included an intestinal hemorrhage in 1875. (See letters and diaries of Queen Victoria.)

Prince Frederick William of Hesse, Victoria's grandson. When two years old he bled for three days from a cut on his ear. A little later he died as the result of a fall from a window.

Princes Leopold and Maurice of Battenberg, sons of Victoria's heterozygous daughter, Beatrice. Prince Maurice died of wounds while fighting in the British army in 1914. If he was hemophilic, this argues great courage on his part, as he must have known that a trivial wound might be fatal.

Princes Waldemar and Henry of Prussia, great-grandsons of Victoria. The latter died after a fall, apparently from meningeal hemorrhage.

Tsarevitch Alexis of Russia, great-grandson of Victoria through her daughter Alice and her grand-daughter Alexandra of Hesse. He is well known to have been a hemophilic.

Rupert, Viscount Trematon, Victoria's great-grandson. Died of uncontrollable bleeding after a motor accident.

Alfonso, Prince of Asturias and later Count of Covadonga, also descended from Victoria through Beatrice. Died recently of hemophilia after an accident.

Infante Gonzalo. Died of uncontrollable bleeding after a motor accident.

We must now turn to the origin of the disease. Queen Victoria's half-brother, her three maternal uncles and her maternal grandfather all lived long enough to marry and beget children. We may take it that they were not hemophilics, for around 1800 bleeding was so extensively carried

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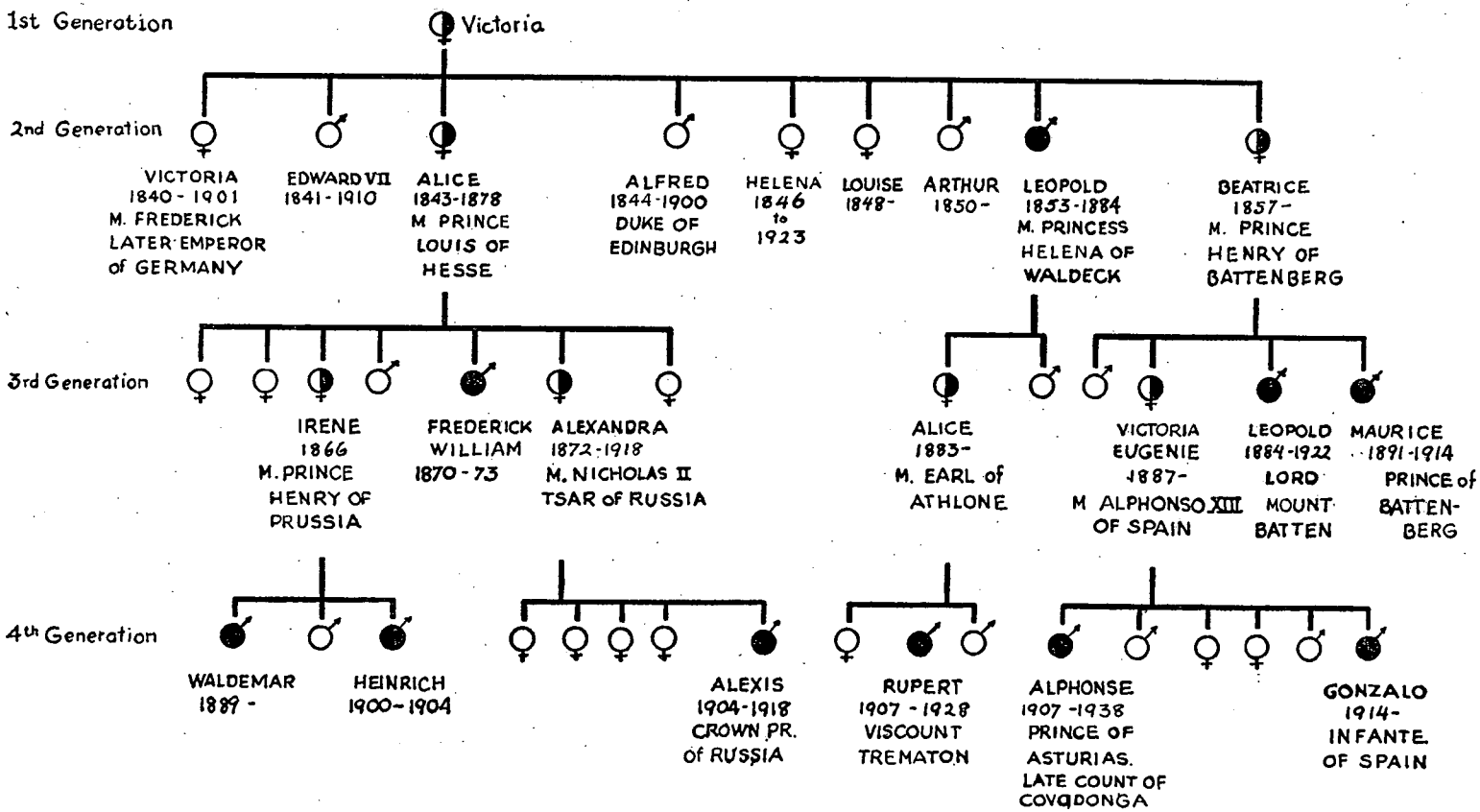
1st Generation
Victoria
2nd Generation
VICTORIA 1840-1901 M. FREDERICK LATER EMPEROR of GERMANY
EDWARD VII 1841-1910
ALICE 1843-1878 M PRINCE LOUIS OF HESSE
ALFRED 1844-1900 DUKE OF EDINBURGH
HELENA 1846 to 1923
LOUISE 1848-
ARTHUR 1850-
LEOPOLD 1853-1884 M. PRINCESS HELENA OF WALDECK
BEATRICE 1857- M. PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG
3rd Generation
IRENE 1866 M. PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA
FREDERICK WILLIAM 1870-73
ALEXANDRA 1872-1918 M. NICHOLAS II TSAR of RUSSIA
ALICE 1883- M. EARL of ATHLONE
VICTORIA EUGENIE 1887- M ALPHONSO XIII OF SPAIN
LEOPOLD 1884-1922 LORD MOUNT BATTEN
MAURICE 1891-1914
PRINCE of BATTEN-BERG
4th Generation
WALDEMAR 1889 -
HEINRICH 1900-1904
ALEXIS 1904-1918 CROWN PR. of RUSSIA
RUPERT 1907-1928 VISCOUNT TREMATON
ALPHONSE 1907-1938 PRINCE OF ASTURIAS. LATE COUNT OF COVADONGA
GONZALO 1914- INFANTE OF SPAIN
= female
= male
= heterozygous female
= hemophilic male

Only heterozygous and hemophilic descendants are named. Several of Victoria's children were not hemophilic or heterozygous, as, for example, Edward VII and Victoria, later Empress of Germany. Their descendants are not mentioned.

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out by the medical profession that hemophilics would not have survived for many years. Nor have I been able to trace hemophilia either among her mother's sisters' sons or in the house of Reuss from which her grandmother was derived. The gene must have originated by mutation, and the most probable place and time where the mutation may have occurred was in the nucleus of a cell in one of the testicles of Edward, Duke of Kent, Victoria's father, in the year 1818.

The event in question could not have been observed with the most powerful microscopes. It initially affected a single gene, that is to say, a particle much less than a thousandth of a millimeter in diameter. But it had an appreciable effect on world history. As Marx wrote to Kugelmann in 1871: 'History would be . . . of a very mystical nature if "accidents" played no part. These accidents themselves fall into the general course of development and are compensated again by other accidents.'

IV

This particular accident of mutation was definitely detrimental to the cause of monarchy and to the cause of capitalism, which uses monarchs as its agents. The Tsarevitch Alexis, son of Nicholas, the last Tsar of all the Russias, was a hemophilic. The monk Rasputin obtained a hold over his parents through his alleged ability to control the boy's bleeding. This may have been spurious, but it is possible that by hypnosis or a similar method he could cause contraction of small arteries. Whether or not Rasputin was able to influence the Tsarevitch, he certainly influenced his parents. And his murder by a group of aristocrats did something to break up the unity of the ruling class and thus to facilitate the Revolution of March, 1917. Further, the fact that Alexis was a hemophilic must have militated against the proposal that he should succeed his father when the latter abdicated.

In Spain, too, the heir-apparent was a hemophilic at the time of the Revolution which dethroned his father Alfonso XIII in 1931, and the second son is said to be an invalid. These facts unquestionably made it harder for moderate monarchists to propose the replacement of the reigning sovereign by the heir-apparent, the solution which commended itself to the British ruling class in 1936.

The appearance of hemophilia in the British royal family in the nineteenth century was an accident, like Blanqui's illness at the time of the Paris Commune and many other details of individual human biology which have affected history. But its appearance in the royal families of Russia and Spain was not an accident at all. By 1853, when Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, the first of the royal bleeders, was born to Queen Victoria, the heredity of the disease had been understood for half a century. It was known that the mother of one bleeder might produce more, and that his sisters might have hemophilic sons. Nevertheless, all Queen Victoria's daughters married, though one (Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll) is childless. And of the four who had children, two, and possibly three, had hemophilic sons.

Considering the expense and ceremony which are associated with royal marriages, and the importance attached to the personality of kings, it

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might at first sight have been thought that some care would be taken in choosing the mothers of future royalty. Actually, however, importance is attached to their ancestry from the legal, but not from the biological point of view. Presumably Nicholas and Alfonso knew that their brides had hemophilic brothers, which meant that they might be expected to have hemophilic sons, but their education had been of such a character that this meant nothing to them. They or their advisers may have consulted physicians. We do not know, and are not likely to know, whether in either case the court doctor advised against the marriage. And I doubt whether a distinguished medical man outside court circles who had wished to warn Nicholas or Alfonso of the dangerous character of his intended marriage would have been able to do so, either personally or in the columns of the press.

Members of the royalty are shielded against unpleasant facts and must suffer in consequence. The hemophilia of the Tsarevitch and the Prince of Asturias were symptoms of the divorce between royalty and reality.

Under the bill to legalize eugenical sterilization which it is intended shortly to bring before Parliament, it is proposed that persons who are deemed likely to transmit a grave physical defect to later generations be sterilized, though only with their own consent. If that law had been in force shortly after the birth of Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria herself and the future Empress of Germany and Princesses of Hesse, Schleswig-Holstein and Battenburg, with the future Duchess of Argyll, should have all been sterilized.

Ruling classes perish through incompetence rather than injustice. The story illustrated in our diagram is the record of one little piece of incompetence in our ruling classes. In the Middle Ages care was taken, in terms of prevailing biological theories, to obtain kings of the desired sort. I believe it was an act of high treason to seduce the wet-nurse to the heir-apparent of England, thus corrupting the blood royal. The blood royal has actually been corrupted by snobbery, which puts 'high' birth before health. There is a great deal to be said for eugenics. I trust that I have shown that it is not only among the 'lower' classes that eugenic principles might be applied.

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A description of Hitler's 'eagle aerie' in the mountains; the new travel service on German ships; a non-Aryan who does not feel himself branded.

The German Scene

I. Hitler's Palace in the Clouds

Translated from the *Telegraaf*, Amsterdam Independent Daily

LAST fall the French Ambassador François-Poncet, upon being recalled from Germany, went to pay his farewell visit to Hitler at his mountain retreat near Berchtesgaden. The car which Hitler had put at his disposal suddenly left the familiar road. François-Poncet called out to the driver: 'You are going the wrong way.' But the latter only shook his head and smiled.

The road wound higher and higher, more and more hairpin bends had to be passed and the drops became increasingly steep. About eight hundred feet from the top of the mountain the car slowed down. It went very slowly along the gray cliff. A sharp turn to the left and the car seemed to drive directly into the mountain. With increasing amazement, the Ambassador perceived an enormous bronze gate which opened automatically. The car entered a grotto.

A grotto in the mountain! It was like a tale out of the Arabian Nights! The walls were of marble that glittered in the indirect lighting, and at the further end of the passage gleamed a metal elevator. The car drew near to it and stopped. François-Poncet entered the elevator, which was carpeted in red and had comfortable plush seats. It shot up about five hundred feet, then suddenly it stopped. The party emerged into the light of day, into a spacious pavilion constructed mainly of glass. There stood Hitler, smiling, awaiting his surprised guests!

The eagle's aerie of the Führer! This is perhaps the best description of the fabulous pavilion which Hitler has blasted out of the rock, in deepest

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secrecy, on top of the Kehlstein, a mountain 6,000 feet high. For more than six months a year the mountain peak is covered with snow. Here the Führer spends many hours with a few of his most intimate friends. Hardly anybody knows of its existence. Only rarely are foreigners received here. The first exception in this respect was made last fall, in the case of the French Ambassador.

Hitler rejoices in the title of the 'architect of the Third Reich.' All plans for the improvement of German cities are first submitted to him for his approval. The new Chancellery in Berlin was designed by him in co-operation with his special architect, Professor Speer. Without doubt, the pavilion on the Kehlstein, the name of which we do not know, is his most ambitious creation.

For two and a half years workers labored to build the highway which leads to the grotto. Only after this was finished could the actual construction of the pavilion itself be started. The pavilion now perches in lonely splendor among the clouds; it has a small terrace in the front; the only access to it is by way of the elevator, the shaft of which has been bored through the mountain. Once in the pavilion, the favored visitor can enjoy a magnificent view of the Alps near Berchtesgaden.

No pictures have ever been taken of it. It would be difficult to do so, as the cliffs fall away sheerly on all sides. Nor can the pavilion be seen from the road. The only possible way to take a picture would be from an airplane.

It is remarkable that so few persons, even members of the Chancellery, know of its existence. When we inquired about it, almost everyone we asked shrugged his shoulders and answered with an incredulous smile: 'Do you mean the "Guest house" on the hill opposite the Berghof? It has a subterranean garage.' The whole story of the secret pavilion is so fantastic that we would have hardly believed it ourselves, had not one of the members of the party of François-Poncet given us the description.

The Germans are by nature romantic. Mountains and forests have always played an important part in their art and history. A German once showed us, with the aid of a map, that the Germans who emigrated to the east and southeast have always avoided the lowlands and settled in rolling, wooded country. With the creation of his inaccessible palace on the Kehlstein, the Führer has shown himself to be a 'real German.'

II. The Gentle Art of Spying

By Margreth Illing

Condensed from the *National Zeitung*, Essen National Socialist Daily

REALIZING the importance of personal contacts, the North German Lloyd has for some years desired an expansion of its ordinary care of passengers. The result is the Special Service, at the disposal of passengers in all classes, free of charge. The Service is managed entirely by women. It was first introduced on the *Bremen* and two years later on the *Europa*.

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More recently, a similar position on the *Columbus* has again been filled by a woman, which indicates that this institution is regarded both as having great significance and as being a woman's job. Since it has not yet been extended to other German or foreign ships, the details about the meaning and the tasks of this well-planned institution, serving the political, economic and cultural interests of our people, may be of interest.

I had the opportunity to make a crossing on the *Bremen* a little while ago. On a tour of the liner, I passed through a writing room and saw a door with the inscription 'Special Tourist Service.' A young lady, a Ph.D., as I found out, sat in a small but very comfortably furnished office and received me very graciously. Proudly, she showed me a big file of reports and testimonials. I was soon aware that this woman knew a great deal, that her sphere of interest was very broad and her gift of intuition highly developed.

While we smoked cigarettes I learned something about her daily schedule and the routine of her crossings. *Before the boat leaves Bremerhaven or New York, the person in charge of the Service receives a complete passenger list. With the help of special reports, letters from travel agencies and information from private sources, she can readily discover certain passengers to whom she should pay special attention.* [*All Italics ours.*—THE EDITORS.]

Her main task consists in giving expert advice to travelers who seek business or cultural contacts and to arrange congenial acquaintances if they are desired. Voluminous files testify to the work she has already done in this respect—*files which are augmented each trip with important addresses of valuable contacts on land; for officials and various organizations, as well as private individuals, consider it an honor to coöperate with the Service.*

My informant told me an interesting example from her wealth of experience. Two American teachers wanted to spend their sabbatical leave in Europe. A brief Rhine excursion was to serve as a prelude; then they planned to see France and Italy in order to study their educational systems. The Americans would have liked to get acquainted with the German school system, too, but the necessary permission is granted rather reluctantly in Germany. The Service quickly helped them, giving special letters of introduction. Thus the two American pedagogues were able to obtain first-hand insight into the German school system. Grateful and enthusiastic, they wrote later that *the German trip had been extended much further than was originally planned, that it was not only fruitful and useful to them, but that it would also influence their future work in the United States.*

There are many other examples. Physicians are enabled to visit hospitals, social workers may get acquainted with institutions abroad. Frequently, the *protégés of the Service prove their gratitude by offering to enrich the files of the Special Tourist Service with many valuable addresses in Germany and the United States.*

It should be pointed out that this work of friendship, conducted systematically aboard our trans-Atlantic steamers, is of great benefit in spreading a better knowledge of Germany. *Naturally the work must be done with the greatest caution, so that the passengers will always be convinced of its*

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helpfulness without feeling a sense of supervision or of imposition. That is why it is so important to select women with tact and a sound instinct for inspiring confidence. A woman's personal charm helps to break the ice in bringing about valuable contacts. It is a wonderful, sometimes difficult, yet always rewarding profession, the learned young lady observed in conclusion.

III. A Non-Aryan without a Complex

By Karl Zuckmayer

Translated from *Pro Domo*, Bermann-Fischer Verlag, Stockholm

My father is an Aryan—I am using this term which presumably has no validity in serious anthropological research, with reservations and merely for the sake of brevity. He was of Franconian and Southern-German stock—one of his ancestors on the spindle side was an Italian from Milan. My mother, though stemming from a Jewish family, had been raised as a Christian from childhood. Her family had been settled in our homeland on the Rhine for centuries—perhaps as early as the sixteenth—and seems to have had a streak of French blood.

According to contemporary racial concepts, I am a 'half-breed'—an expression restricted heretofore to descendants of unions between white and colored persons. Thus I belong to a type of humanity upon which God's wrath seems to rest with special force today, since neither of its component races will have anything to do with it—at least in my fatherland its members are turned down on both sides as having no basic right to exist.

I must openly admit that this has very little effect upon my own consciousness, though I have to settle the problem somehow. I have never observed or felt in myself any split, any special inequality or complexity. Nor do I believe that I exhibit sharply marked symptoms of degeneration—unless an artistic inclination is to be regarded as such. Thorough self-analysis makes me regard myself, not as a product of Nordic-Germanic, Celtic-Latin or Semitic races, but purely of my home country, with its peculiar type of inhabitants, traditions, language, culture and character.

A proponent of present-day racial theory once asked me whether I, as an artist, as a man of peculiar sensitive irritability, did not suffer from the hidden struggle of my unequal and divergent component parts. I replied, groping for his meaning, that I, like every mortal, suffered from being a man, to the same extent that it made me happy.

Any other special kind of suffering, to be explained by my descent, does not seem to have fallen to my lot. In point of actual fact, from earliest childhood and through all the phases of life, I have felt myself, in character, language, manners, education and inclination, to be purely and simply a German—a German of the special regional type common to southwestern Rhine Hessia—a type in which the Catholic tradition of my paternal family plays a decisive rôle.

Since even the parents of my mother had adhered to the Christian

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religion, her descent from a different race was, as it were, forgotten during my youth. Certainly it played no part in my consciousness, and, in fact, did not attain a certain fateful significance for me until the curious events of the last few years. Anti-Semitism had found no foothold in my homeland. It was limited to a narrow stratum of civil servants, most of them recent arrivals or under Prussian influence. It also extended to a certain rhetorical but not vicious type of low humor.

In the field of social relations it hardly existed; and this was true of all Southern Germany. It may have eked out a certain unpleasant existence in the Army in peace time; but it disappeared entirely among the fighting troops in the field, where only 'the man himself counts.' For example, one of the best and bravest telephone linesmen attached to my outfit, was called Sally Stern. His comrades occasionally called him 'Yid,' but this had merely a good-natured, joshing sound, never a hostile one.

Anti-Semitism, based upon descent, upon religion or race of ancestors, or, indeed, a mere section of the ancestry, was totally unknown. In my home country the ghettos had disappeared earlier than elsewhere, probably under the influence of Napoleon. Adaptation, intermixture and assimilation had taken place more quickly and comprehensively. Perhaps the natural accessibility of a river valley and border country, as well as the easy-going flexible temperament of the population, was in part responsible. At any rate there was never any peculiarity, any thought of segregation, of difference from the general run of people, either in my family or in my surroundings, either during my education, or during my later life.

Nevertheless I am quite aware today that a man in my position—no matter how clearly and conclusively he may grasp his own personality—cannot escape responsibility for his origin and must at least venture the attempt to contribute toward clearing up and overcoming their fateful effects.

Then As Now . . .

He says, 'My reign is peace,' so slays
A thousand in the dead of night.
'Are you all happy now?' he says,
And those he leaves behind cry 'Quite.'

He swears he will have no contention,
And sets all nations by the ears;
He shouts aloud, 'No intervention!'
Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

—Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864)

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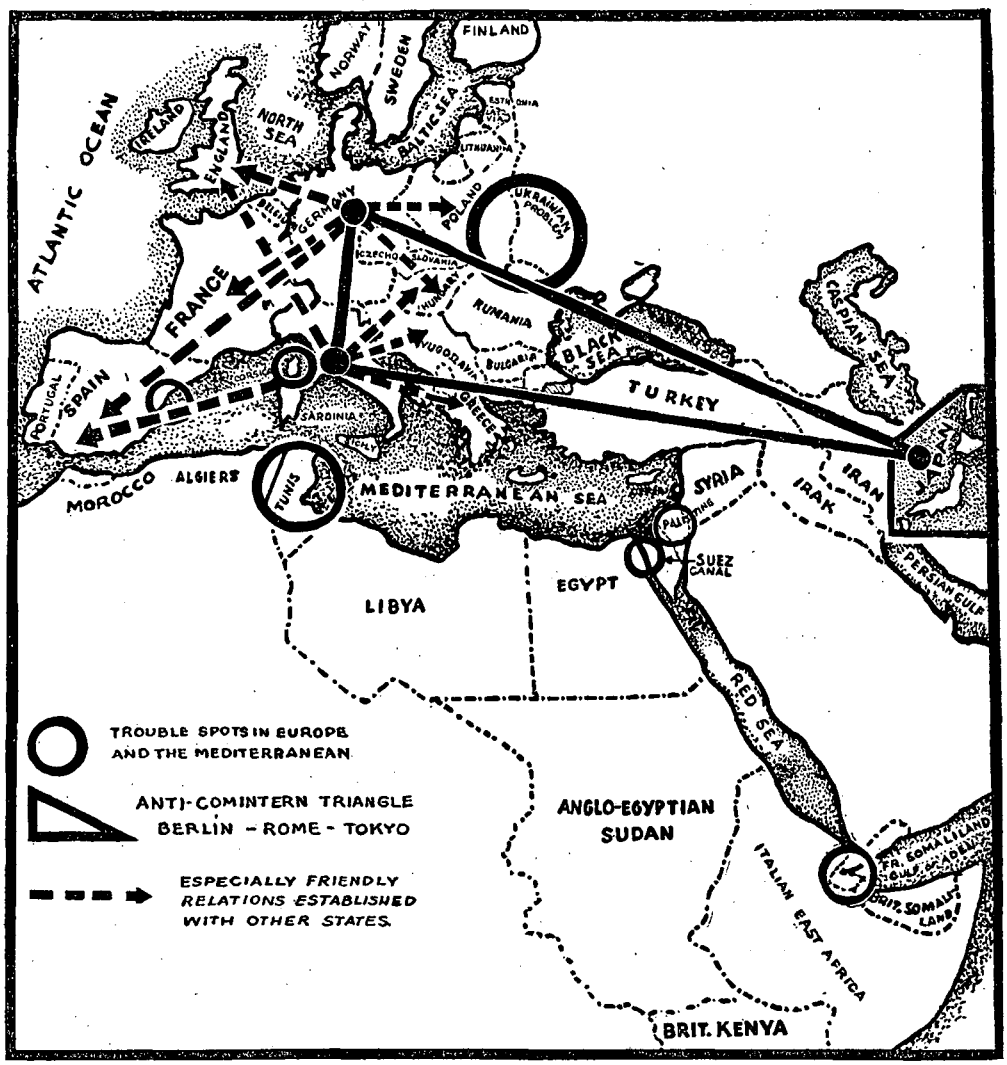
Fascism Circles the World



The map reproduced above is taken from the *Bergwerks-Zeitung* of Düsseldorf, an organ of the German heavy industry. The article accompanying the map refers to the year 1939 as the 'decisive year for the whole world.' Circles surround the areas which, in the eyes of the Nazis, would be zones of trouble during 1939.

The Ukrainian region — incidentally the only spot marked in Eastern Europe — has received the largest circle. The omission of Danzig, Memel and the Polish Corridor seems significant. There is only one other circle in Europe, covering the rapidly diminishing area still held by the Spanish Loyalists.

Palestine receives only an inconspicuous ring. This is, by the way, the only area not included in the original program of the anti-Comintern Powers. Italy's new program in the Mediterranean and adjacent areas is displayed by circles around Tunisia, Corsica, the Suez Canal and French Somaliland.

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The Chinese farmer is here depicted as a striking example of the survival of the fittest; Japan does away with the last lingering remnants of liberalism.

Sidelights *on the* Orient

I. The Sons of the Good Earth

By Willard Price

From the *National Review*, London Independent Conservative Monthly

EIGHTY-FIVE per cent of the Chinese are farmers. No farmers in the world have so bitter a struggle. They are cream—the skimmed milk weaklings have been drained off by the terrific fight for existence. It is estimated that during the last sixty years, due to wars, famines and floods, more Chinese have died than the entire present population of China.

Annually millions of farmers are made destitute by flood. Not only the Yellow River, 'China's Sorrow,' but practically all the rivers of China overflow each year to destroy thousands of acres of farm land. Why those floods? Because of lack of trees. Heavy rainfall, rushing down mountain slopes where there is no vegetation to delay the deluge, swells the rivers, which must overflow. The Chinese have often been glibly criticized for cutting down their trees. But what should they do if there is no fuel but trees and they must cut them into stovewood or freeze in the bitter North China winter?

There are two other forms of fuel. One is the dung of animals on the ranges of Mongolia. It ought to go into the soil. Instead, it goes into the fires that heat the tents of the nomads. In North China proper there are few animals, but there is another semi-fuel, straw. Every scrap of root and stalk of wheat is carefully stored and would, in most homes, be the only fuel for cooking the millet and heating the k'ang (the Chinese brick bed) during the winter. Thus the soil must produce both crops and fuel. No wonder it does neither well.

The visitor to China feels as if he were staggering through a maze of vicious circles. Flood causes famine, famine causes national disorder, dis-

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order prevents any sound reforestation program, and lack of reforestation means floods. Small yield means lack of money to buy chemical fertilizers and lack of them means small yield.

China needs roads. The cost of transporting goods fifty miles through back-country China is often more than the cost of the goods. Coastal cities import large quantities of foodstuffs from abroad; it is cheaper to bring them from England and America than from interior China. The curious fact is that the chief reason the farmer does not have roads is because he does not want them. They would make bandit attacks too easy. They would steal from his land, for every foot of territory must pay a land tax; therefore every farmer whose land is crossed by a road, far from maintaining it, loses no opportunity to plough it up and shift the traffic to his neighbor's property.

II

Communism has been embraced by millions of farmers. They care nothing about the theory of Communism, but they understand that it reduces taxes. There are today in China two Communisms—that of the schools and that of the farms. Students and faculty understand something of real Communism; and a large proportion of the student class, many university professors and practically all the primary school teachers of China are today strongly influenced by Communistic theory. On the other hand, the 'Communism' of the farmers is not real Communism at all, but private ownership. When the Communist Army captures a village, taxes are cut, thus protecting the farmer's private property. Debts are abrogated, exorbitant interest rates (sometimes 40 per cent a year) are reduced, thus keeping money in the farmer's own pocket. Large estates are broken up and the landless receive land, thus extending private ownership. Indeed, Communism in China, not as it is theorized in college halls but as it is practiced in the mud villages, is simply radical agrarian reform to safeguard the private rights of the individual.

The last straw on the farmer's back is war. War is chronic in China. Counting all armies and organized bandits there are about 3 million men under arms, ten times the armed force of Japan. Marauding troops may at any time destroy everything the farmer owns and burn his village. If other soldiers come in time to 'defend' him, he may suffer just as much from them. They move into his house, eat his food, use his wife and daughters as they please, and carry away everything of value when they go. Between waves of war there are always bandits. In fact, discharged soldiers may turn bandit by the thousand and move through the country like an army.

While war in China is usually only banditry on a large scale, banditry is war on a small scale. Bandits operate in groups of from two or three men to several thousand. The farmer sleeping out in his fields under a rough straw roof with gong and gun beside him may ward off the few. But if a large contingent arrives, the village head man must bargain with them, try to raise a sufficient bribe to satisfy them. At some village gates signs have been posted such as 'Everything has been taken,' or 'This village has been looted ten times.'

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Soldiers, bandits and tax-collectors —they are classed together in the Chinese mind. A corps of farmer vigilantes declared as their purpose 'to unite against soldiers, bandits and tax-collectors.' Against these three plagues, all manner of secret societies have been organized under such fanciful names as the Red Spears, the Big Swords, the Heavenly Gate, the Holy Soldiers. Yet—and here is a marvel—the Chinese farmer under this pall of tragedy is one of the richest and strongest characters to be found on this planet. He loves his soil from which he reaps starvation and death.

'Fine earth,' a farmer said to us, looking at his field where the full-grown wheat stood hardly six inches high. 'Not its fault that we have no rain. We'll do better next year.'

III

Strength comes from the soil. Said General Tseng Kuofan, one-time First Minister in the Imperial court: 'The official families whose children learn expensive habits of living, prosper only for a generation or two; the families who till the ground and study books and have simple and careful habits prosper for five or six generations.' And he declares that the four things which should not be neglected are 'the keeping of fish, the keeping of pigs, the planting of bamboos and the planting of vegetables.' Anciently, the Emperor himself every spring offered sacrifices to the Patron Saint of Agriculture in the Temple of Agriculture at Peking. Then, to honor the nation's farmers, he ploughed eight furrows across the Sacred Field, guiding the plough with his own hands.

'Scholars, farmers, mechanics, merchants'—so runs the order of classes in China. But an old proverb says 'First the farmer, the scholar second,' implying that the scholar could not live without the farmer.

No beauty appeals to the Chinese so much as the beauty of the land. The houses harmonize with the land, earthen houses upon earth. No jarring notes are allowed to break the rhythm of hill and valley and so annoy the *fengshui*, the spirits of the landscape. We of the West can see beauty in tree and flower. The Chinese go farther and take delight in a jagged rock—place it on a pedestal or paint a picture of it and hang it on the wall. Crop-destroying insects themselves must be destroyed but their portraits are kept and admired. In one well-to-do farmer's home the greatest treasure was a painting on silk of a grasshopper and a blade of grass, superbly done in water-color.

Birds are loved. The busy farmer finds time to take his pet songster for a walk. A farmer's house is frequently graced with a halo of circling pigeons, black whistles tied to their backs. A single whistle may have seven or eleven outlets, all tuned to harmonize. The eerie, throbbing organ music as it came to us in our boat through the mists of early morning was a symphony of the soil never to be forgotten. Love of nature is one mark of a great people. Willingness to work is another. The Chinese are famous the world over for their industrious habits. In fact we cannot tolerate their competition in the West, for they rise too early and work too late. The Chinese day begins soon after midnight.

The Chinese works through the day with the steadiness and endurance of a machine. He will not hurry and he will

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

not lag. Rain, snow, heat, cold do not stop him. He is not tempted by comfort. He sleeps on a brick bed with a brick pillow (perhaps that is why he rises so early!). He could make his bed and pillow of feathers, plucked from his fowls, but he throws away the feathers or scatters them over young wheat and beans so that animals will not find his crops to their taste.

Whether it is a case of the survival of the fittest, certain it is that those Chinese who manage to clear the grim hurdles of famine, flood, plague and war are among the best specimens that mankind can show.

II. Japan Turns the Screws

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Weekly

A NOTEWORTHY result of the war in China has been a complete eclipse of Japanese Liberalism. Part of this eclipse, to be sure, is compulsory and inevitable. More stringent censorship and police vigilance make open criticism of the war or its objectives impossible. The frontier of legal 'Leftism' has been drastically curtailed.

Soon after the appointment of Admiral Nobumasa Suetsugu, an extreme Nationalist, as Home Minister, there were sweeping raids on the leading members of the Proletarian party and the Japan Trade Union Council, accompanied by hundreds of arrests. The well-known Christian reformer Toyohiko Kagawa once remarked with a smile that he was the most 'Left' person now tolerated. And Kagawa's former Social Radicalism has evolved into a rather mild Liberalism, associated with a keen interest in the coöperative movement and animated by Christian ethics. Like Yukio Ozaki, the most consistent and fearless democrat among Japan's Parliamentarians, Kagawa has maintained a discreet silence on the question of the war. It is the only course open to anyone who does not court martyrdom.

But the crisis of Japanese Liberalism is not merely a matter of police repression. It is part of the world crisis of democracy. Japanese intellectual grasp of European political ideas and movements leaves much to be desired. But the Japanese mind is both intuitive and keenly imitative. The golden age of Japanese Liberalism was in the twenties, when the democratic form of government enjoyed the aura of a victorious war against a powerful military monarchy.

Today the trend, as seen from Japan, is distinctly in the opposite direction; and every new success of Hitler is a further blow to the faith, never any too robust, of those Japanese, mostly of the Western-educated or Western-trained type, who would have regarded themselves as Liberals or Radicals a few years ago. A Japanese of this type, an old acquaintance of mine, recently expressed the following ideas to me in private conversation:—

'Morally there is nothing to be said for our action in China. But if one puts aside morality and thinks in terms of national self-interest, there are three distinct advantages which I

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can see as a result of the war. First, we have smashed the possibility of a China that was hostile to us and that was steadily growing stronger before the war. Second, our heavy industries are increasing their production by leaps and bounds; we shall be a far greater industrial nation after the war is over. Third, the world must now recognize us as a Great Power.'

II

The failure of the Western Powers to take any strong positive action in defense of their interests in China has weakened the hands of those Japanese moderates who have tried to place some restraint on the military leaders by predicting that economic, if not military, counter-measures would follow too reckless actions by Japan in China.

Here, again, a recent private talk with an elderly ex-diplomat was illuminating: 'The unpleasant consequences about which we have been warning the Army have not occurred. This has weakened our position and caused some of us to wonder whether, after all, the Army may not be right, whether it is necessary to pay overmuch attention to the objections of the Western Powers.'

An interesting sign of the times is the complete reorientation of the Shakai Taishuto, or Social Mass party. The former platform of this organization, which has 37 seats in the Diet and had been winning additional votes steadily in the elections before the war, was that of a moderate European Socialist or Labor party. But there was a minority group in the party, headed by Mr. Hisashi Aso, which favored coöperation with the young Army officers on the ground that they were genuinely Radical in their social ideas. Now this group has gained the upper hand, with the result that the Social Mass party is going well ahead of the traditional two large parties, the Seiyukai and the Minseito, in supporting the Army. Its latest act has been to advocate an 'Asiatic National League,' with Japan, China, Manchukuo and possibly other Oriental countries as members.

Cases of former Communists who have gone to the front and atoned for their 'sins' by showing exceptional courage are played up in the Japanese press. No doubt there is an element of propagandist exaggeration. But just as former Marxists and Syndicalists have become active Fascists in Europe, so formerly active Japanese Leftists have swung over to the mystical creed of Pan-Asianism, with Japan playing the leading part.

The old adage, 'When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be; when the devil was well the devil a monk was he,' also helps to explain the *malaise* of Japanese Liberalism at the present time. So long as there is a reasonable prospect of achieving hegemony in East Asia few Japanese, even in the depths of their hearts, will cherish any objections. Should the tide turn against Japan, one might witness a revival of the pre-war Liberalism. Should there be a definite breakdown, some more extreme forms of revolt would doubtless make their appearance.

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Persons and Personages

The Nazi Princess

By E. M.

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zürich Independent Weekly

'PRINCESS von Hohenlohe-Waldenburg requests the honor of your presence at Leopoldskron on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock.'

Of late, all rich Americans, distinguished Frenchmen and English aristocrats passing through Salzburg may be certain to find such an invitation in their hotel room some evening.

Those whose curiosity has been sufficiently aroused to accept are rarely disappointed. According to taste, some are enchanted by the charm of their hostess, of her son and of the Countess de Boisrouvray, her inseparable red-headed friend; others are taken by the marvelous old china, the books and art treasures which Max Reinhardt, the former owner of the castle, collected with so much care. They all admire the large vestibule with the black and white marble floor, the white terrace and the beautifully kept park, in which Toscanini, Lotte Lehmann, Stefan Zweig, Hofmannsthal, Schuschnigg and other witnesses of a past era used to stroll so frequently.

What accounts for the emergence of Princess Hohenlohe, whose mysterious rôle in the Sudeten crisis is still widely remembered, as a chatelaine? Some insist that Her Highness has simply rented the castle; yet her finances seem to preclude such a luxury. There is more truth in the rumor that the Führer has placed the confiscated castle at her disposal, a temporary reward for services rendered by her to the Reich. At the same time he has entrusted her with a new task: that of attracting as many foreigners as possible to the coming Salzburg Music Festival.

Last year, as is well known, the regular attendance fell off by 90 per cent. This Hitler regarded as a personal affront, and he is now attempting to restore at all costs the pre-*Anschluss* reputation of the old baroque city. That is why he has commanded his friend the Princess to play hostess to all prominent tourists brought to her attention by the hotel owners of the whole region. She entertains them all lavishly, converses with each in his mother tongue and gradually turns the conversation toward the coming Music Festival; finally, she confesses how pleased she would be if they would return next summer with all their friends.

This subtle travel propaganda can hardly remain without results. In the meantime the mistress of the castle prepares herself for other, more

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important missions, which will soon place her once again in the center of the European chess game. Last summer, the most contradictory rumors concerning her were in circulation. An unusual woman, ordinarily preferring to remain behind the scenes, but by pure intellect exercising a decisive influence upon the destinies of Europe, her origin was a mystery even to journalists.

Stefanie Richter was born in Hungary in 1891. It is claimed that she is of non-Aryan extraction, yet this is by no means proved. Her father, a Viennese dentist, in any case was no Jew, and she herself has been a Catholic from birth. She was no exceptional beauty at eighteen, but she had brains and charm, and danced beautifully. She was slim, tiny, temperamental and much fêted in the night clubs of gay pre-War Vienna. The lieutenants of the Imperial Army, and the other young aristocrats ardently courted her.

One evening she met Prince Friedrich-Franz von Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, scion of one of the most distinguished Austrian families. On May 12, 1914, she married her fairy prince. According to the Gotha Almanac, the marriage 'violated the traditional family law.' Later, the Almanac refused to list a son, Francis, who was born in 1916. Four years afterwards, the princely couple were divorced, but remained good friends. Prince Friedrich, who is now employed by Cook's in Budapest, spent a two weeks' vacation with his former wife at Castle Leopoldskron as late as last summer.

After the divorce, the Princess settled in Paris, where she soon found entrance into the circles of the international *jeunesse dorée*. In her house in Passy a mixed group of Americans, Jews, Germans, Englishmen, all of them rich, many with titles, could be found. Frequently, they made presents of valuable jewelry to their charming Hungarian hostess. Among her best friends were Solly Joel, an English Jew, and a great sportsman, who at the time owned half of South Africa and most of its diamond mines, and the American millionaire John B. Warden, an oil magnate from Pittsburgh. He was a notorious spendthrift, who escorted the Princess about a great deal.

Whenever the Princess had money, she spent it freely. She missed no season in Cannes or Biarritz. In August, she was usually to be found in Deauville, aboard Mr. Joel's yacht. But even when there was no money in the house—and that happened often—she did not change her style of living to any considerable degree. She simply piled up debts, which somehow were always paid.

During the early thirties, Princess Stefanie was involved in her first attempt at political intrigue. At that time she thought of becoming rich by persuading England to return the Polish Corridor to the Germans. For this purpose she attempted to enlist the aid of Lord Rothermere,

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whose acquaintance she had made at a winter resort. According to her plans, he was to play up the issue in his newspapers, but Rothermere refused point-blank. Instead, he took an interest in the fate of Hungary, the native country of the Princess. His pro-Hungarian press campaign certainly helped considerably to create the proper atmosphere for the revision of the Treaties. As a result, it is not astonishing that the Princess now has on her desk a picture of Admiral Horthy, dedicated: 'To a great Hungarian woman-diplomat.'

In France, however, she was not held in equally high esteem. Her political activities were too ambiguous to please the authorities. She was under strict supervision, and twice her house was raided. She was under the suspicion of espionage in favor of a neighboring country. In January, 1933, she was arrested in Biarritz and expelled from France. She went to London, where she rented a small house in Mayfair. And although she soon was at liberty to return to France—Lord Rothermere had vouched for her—she preferred to remain in England.

The following years were quiet. The Princess did not have enough money to give lavish parties, yet at her intimate receptions the cream of the British peerage invariably put in an appearance. Lady Londonderry, the wife of the former Minister of Aviation, was soon numbered among her closest friends.

Half the year the Princess spent in travel. She commuted between London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, cultivating her old connections and making new ones. The rulers of the Reich were quick to realize the advantages they could derive from these connections. In order to test her, Captain Wiedemann, the Führer's former deputy, entrusted her with a few discreet but not too important missions.

The result was so satisfactory that Wiedemann in 1937 decided to go to the United States with her. That both returned empty-handed was certainly not Princess Stefanie's fault. One year later they had better luck. Last July Captain Wiedemann flew to London to negotiate with Lord Halifax about the Czech problems. The Princess awaited him at the Croydon Airport in a luxurious automobile. She took him to the German Embassy, where she is very much at home, seemingly conducting the entire ménage. Some days later Lord Runciman took the train to Prague. The first battle in the bloodless war for the Sudeten region was won.

Last August 'Steffi' herself went to the Czecho-Slovak capital. In the lobby of the Hotel Alcron she had numerous conversations with the Sudeten leaders and the British negotiators. A little later, the Runciman delegation spent a week-end at the estate of Prince Max von Hohenlohe-Lagenburg, a cousin of Prince Friedrich. Stefanie acted as the hostess and did everything to win her guests over to the German point of view.

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She then returned to Germany to report to Captain Wiedemann. On September 6 she was in the presence of King Alfonso of Spain when he was called to the telephone to learn that his son, the Count of Covadonga, had been killed in an automobile accident. On September 30, the day of the Four-Power Conference, she reappeared in Munich in time to celebrate the great victory together with the Nazi leaders. In a sense, it was her own victory as well.

Since then this amazing back-stage diplomat has utilized the 'quiet season' to perform a more practical task—as we have seen. Recently, when one of her guests was having tea with her, a butler suddenly appeared and whispered:

'The Führer wants to speak to you. . . .'

The Führer is her neighbor. It is only half an hour from Leopoldskron to the Berghof, Hitler's chalet. Hitler takes advantage of this fact, and frequently asks for her. He values her intelligence and her sound advice. She is the only woman who can exert a moderating influence upon him. That afternoon his message must have been of special importance. At any rate, ten minutes later an official car appeared at the entrance of the castle. Princess Hohenlohe apologized to her guest, donned a silver-fox cape and disappeared.

When Steffi Richter was a much courted young lady in Viennese society, there was a young man in the same city who suffered from hunger and slept in flop-houses. Today these same two people carve out the destiny of Europe in the solitude of a mountain villa. Who would still dare say that our age is lacking in romance?

Mussolini's Bloodhound

By Edmond Demaître

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

A CORPULENT little man with heavy features, complete with double chin, hurries into Rome's Palazzo Venezia every morning, ascends the stairs, and enters a room on the first floor unannounced. In this room sits Mussolini, behind a large, beautifully carved desk. After greeting Il Duce in the Fascist manner, the little man begins reading a report. Mussolini listens attentively, making occasional notes on the pad before him, and when the report is finished, starts questioning his visitor, who answers every question rapidly without consulting his notes. In fact, he has the reputation of possessing a wonderful memory; of being able to remember the names and faces of hundreds of people he has met but once in his life; of being able to rattle off a whole column of figures without the aid of notes.

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He knows the favorite tearoom of such-and-such a Minister's wife; the wages paid to workmen by such-and-such an employer; he has a secret file in which repose facsimiles of love-letters written by important people; of correspondence that has passed between politicians, diplomats and business men. His spies are in touch with every stratum of Italian society and he has his finger on the pulse of Italian public opinion. He and his underlings are continually engaged in gathering a mass of information which, when presented to Mussolini, help him to arrive at decisions in matters of internal and foreign policy.

It is openly said in Rome that it was this fat little man whose reports prompted Mussolini to embark on his Ethiopian adventure, and who advised his chief not to interfere in the Sudeten-German affair, but to let Hitler have his way.

The name of this important man is Arturo Bocchini, for the past twelve years the head of the Italian police forces. He exercises greater influence over Italian politics than all the Ministers and Generals put together. Bocchini is only second in importance to Mussolini, for whose personal safety he is responsible. He is charged with the maintenance of public order. He uncovers anti-Fascist activities and prosecutes the culprits. Nothing remains hidden from his secret political police, the dreaded OVRA.

While other high Fascist officials are frequently dismissed, Bocchini goes on forever. He is firmly entrenched at his headquarters at the Viminal, and Mussolini has even conferred on him the rank of 'Excellency.' The explanation is simple enough. Bocchini has succeeded in creating a police machine of such efficiency and wide-spread ramifications that no one else could make its wheels run smoothly.

In the early days of Fascism the Italian police was far from being efficient, although great changes had taken place in the organization and personnel as a result of the Fascist seizure of power. Attempts on Mussolini's life occurred with alarming frequency. In October, 1925, Tito Zaniboni, ex-Socialist member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, tried to put an end to the Fascist dictator's career. On the 7th of April, 1926, Il Duce was leaving the Capitol after having just opened a Surgeons' Congress, when he was shot in the face by an insane Irishwoman named Violet Gibson. On the 11th of September of the same year another attempt was made to assassinate him by the anarchist Lucceti, who hurled a hand grenade into his car. Only a few weeks later, a young soldier named Zamboni fired at him as he was leaving a Convention of Scientists at Bologna. On this occasion the infuriated dictator cried out, 'Am I the head of a government, or am I just a walking target for the bullets of madmen and gangsters?'

It goes without saying that each of these attempts to assassinate the

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dictator involved the dismissal of the Chief of Police. After the Bologna attempt Mussolini decided to reorganize the police. His secretary mentioned the name of Arturo Bocchini, who was at that time Chief of Police at Genes, a small Italian town. Two facts were in favor of Bocchini. In the first place, he was a native of San Giorgio del Sannio, a little village that had the reputation of being the birthplace of the best Italian policemen. This was considered a very important point in a country where superstition still plays a big part in everyday life. In the second place, it was remembered that even before Mussolini's rise to power, Bocchini had dealt ruthlessly with Liberal and Socialist demonstrators. So Mussolini decided to give him a trial.

As soon as he was installed in the Viminal offices, Bocchini started working miracles. There were no more attempts on the dictator's life. The police forces of the country were purged, younger men with Fascist sympathies enrolled and the latest methods of scientific detection introduced. Bocchini nipped in the bud every conspiracy planned against Mussolini and other Ministers. Assassins had no time to reach for their guns or hurl their bombs before the long hand of Bocchini descended on them. In short, he gave Italy the efficient police force that is the backbone of all authoritarian States.

Having set in motion the wheels of his machine that was destined to crush all anti-Fascist opposition, Bocchini bent himself to another herculean task. He was determined to purge the Fascist Party. Like all other revolutionary parties, the Fascist Party counted among its ranks a goodly number of adventurers for whom the revolution represented but an easy way of getting rich quickly. Bocchini never hesitated to expose the misdeeds of even the most powerful persons once he was convinced of their guilt. Thanks to his daily reports, Mussolini kept himself informed of the vices and weaknesses of his collaborators and friends. Augusto Turati, the all-powerful secretary of the Fascist Party, had a scandalous affair with a little Turin dressmaker; he was relieved of his duties and exiled to the Lipari Islands. Gualion, Italy's most influential millionaire banker, was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment which will give him time to figure out how Bocchini had discovered his elaborate swindles.

But to appreciate the value of Bocchini's services to the Fascist State one must also take into account the dreaded OVRA, the Special Political Police, whose activities are shrouded in mystery. Its main purpose is said to be counter-espionage and the discovery and foiling of anti-Fascist plots. It is whispered in Italy that Bocchini's secret police includes hundreds of thousands of 'free-lance' agents recruited from all sections of society, in addition to the full-time 'professionals.'

The Fascists like to compare their OVRA to the British Intelligence

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Service, while anti-Fascists say that it is a cross between the Tsarist Okhrana and the Bolshevist GPU, equaling both in efficiency. Certainly Bocchini has made of it a perfect police machine, the best proof of this being that so few people know about its activities.

Arthur Honegger

By Paul Stefan

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German Language Daily

ARTHUR HONEGGER lives almost across the street from his old friend Darius Milhaud—in the midst of city noises, to which is added that special Montmartre note. And yet, how the atmosphere changes when the door to his study opens. Unlike the study of Milhaud, which is part of a typical Paris bourgeois apartment, this one is a tremendous studio room with tall windows, plenty of sun, and a magnificent view. The view, however, is far from romantic; it resembles a typical New York panorama: buildings reaching to the sky, buses rumbling down the street, subway stations, movie palaces, colorfully illuminated signs that are lighted even in the day time. It is a forceful scene, that fits in well with the man and his music. The delicate, poetic figure of the mistress of this house, the marvelous pianist Andrée Vaurabourg, rules an entirely different domain beyond the study door.

A huge piano spreads its wings in the great room. There are all the bookshelves one may want—row upon row of music, with Bach especially prominent. There are two desks, bearing the traces of intense work—yet they are almost orderly. Half of one wall is covered with a very presentable collection of pipes. One cannot imagine Arthur Honegger without a pipe. He is smoking a short English one, as he talks, sitting there in a suit of dark green corduroy. Though he is past forty-six, the hair on his massive leonine head is still black. He looks more like a sportsman than anything else; but only at first sight. The plastic, expressive features are those of an artist, a musician. One would wish to paint him in these colors, in these surroundings.

For the past two or three decades this man has been the mentor and companion of many outstanding minds. A pupil of d'Indy, an intimate of Fauré, Ravel, Debussy, influenced by Cocteau, Picasso, Stravinski, he has been a creative musician in all media, ranging from the song to the oratorio, from chamber music to the symphony, from opera to incidental music for the drama and the motion picture. He was one of the famous 'Six' young Paris composers, and his own fame dates from *King David*. His work is characterized by that splendid efficiency peculiar to the Swiss.

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'Are you at present working on any opera?' I asked.

'Operas? One can hardly afford to write any today. The opera *L'Aiglon*, which I have written in collaboration with Jacques Ibert, was commissioned by the director of the Monte Carlo Opera and later taken over by the Paris Grand Opera. It is the only opera since the *Rosenkavalier* to have twenty-one performances in the first year; but that was due largely to the popularity of the leading lady, Fanny Helden. As a rule, a new opera has little chance of success in Paris. And if it disappears from the schedule after two or three performances, then the years of labor have been in vain. For there are no French provincial operas which could produce the work afterwards, and I must wait until some theatre orders another composition. There are state commissions for contemporary composers, but I, as an alien, am excluded from them, as well as from state scholarships.

'Nevertheless, I have not been able to become a music critic—a career many other composers have chosen for purely mercenary reasons. I love my independence too much, and I am afraid of not being as much of a diplomat as befits a critic who is a composer himself.

'Motion pictures, on the other hand, attract me very much and in that field I really make my living. During the past five years I have composed twenty-one scores for motion pictures; lately a picture based on Ramuz's *Farinet*. But the problem of film music is by no means solved for me. It is a good thing that the director forces us to follow a plot without considering the yearnings of "genius" and demands of us that we deliver a good piece of craftsmanship according to orders, but it is sometimes unpleasant that noises, the effects of which we cannot foresee, may occasionally distract from the sound of the music—that of an automobile in motion, for instance, that may belong to the plot. However, I do not now write film music exclusively. Greater tasks are awaiting me.'

Honegger has as much work as he can handle—there is the music for a popular play to be presented next summer at the Zurich Exposition. The commission does not come from the Exposition Committee itself, but from the city of Neuchâtel, which wishes to produce *Nicolas de Flue* by Denis de Rougemont on an open air stage. The audience capacity is 6,500 and the stage is 300 feet long. One must strive for mural effect—which means very little dialogue, not much orchestra and a great deal of chorus. Honegger explained the arrangement to me. The orchestra itself consists almost entirely of wind instruments, arranged in two groups: trumpets and horns in the one, clarinets and saxophones in the other. The play itself is a sort of mystery and the stage is divided into three ascending steps, as of old. Only on the uppermost level, representing heaven, do string instruments appear to accompany the singing angels.

I left him pondering on the difficulties of this angelic composition.

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An equine plague descends upon a world too careless with its wishes.

Horseplay

By MARGHANITA LASKI

From the *Fortnightly*
London Independent Monthly

IN THE smoky good-fellowship of the *Three Feathers*, Mr. Bilkins was happy. This is the Life, he said to himself, as he lifted his pewter mug to his lips, comfortably aware that the Morris was waiting to take him to Ipswich and eventually to *Le Nid* at Norbiton. This is the Life, he repeated, meaning the self-conscious descent from the Commercial Room to the Bar, to the darts, to the mingling with the yokels and 'back to the earth.' There's not many men in my line, thought Mr. Bilkins with gratification, who'd think to step into the Taproom and see a bit of Life.

'What's yours, Mr. Bilkins?' said Josiah Pennyfeather, who owned the inn and realized that these commercial gents liked to throw their money round a bit if they were treated as 'one of the chaps.'

'Out of the barrel for me, old boy,' said Mr. Bilkins with grateful pleasure. 'Don't often taste draught like this. *I wish I could get it in Town.*'

Suddenly a horse stood beside Mr. Bilkins; a slightly disreputable, knee-knocking, brown horse.

For a moment there was silence in the bar.

Then ''Oo brought that in?' shouted Josiah Pennyfeather.

The horse gave a broken unhappy neigh and nuzzled its head into Mr. Bilkins' elbow.

The silence broke into confused uproar. Everyone was talking, pointing, screaming at Mr. Bilkins, who stood isolated with the horse beside the bar.

'Take yer 'orse out of 'ere!' shouted Josiah Pennyfeather, now completely beyond control. 'Ought to know better than to go bringing a horse into a respectable bar!'

The horse was still nuzzling Mr. Bilkins' elbow. With a shudder he edged away from it. 'It's not my horse!' he screamed. 'It's not my horse!'

As if to belie his words, the horse sidled up to him again.

'Well, it ain't no one else's,' said Josiah, breathing heavily. 'You take it out of 'ere and yerself too. *I wish*

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you'd never come barging into what was a respectable bar.'

Behind the bar stood a cart horse, a sleek enormous cart horse, its massy rump pressing creakingly into the gimcrack wood.

Someone laughed hysterically.

Slowly the bar shattered, fell in pieces to the ground.

''Tis Farmer Barton's Suffolk Punch,' said a voice.

Indignant disclaimers shouted, no, that it wasn't—that wasn't Farmer Barton's Nell.

The carthorse neighed triumphantly.

II

'Can't you see, dear?' asked Lady Brakewaite plaintively, 'that your father and I are only acting for your good?'

'No,' said Moira sullenly.

Lady Brakewaite sighed. 'I don't want to spoil your fun,' she said gently, 'but surely you want men to respect you, not to look on you like they do at that fast Swinton girl.'

Moira thought longingly of Peggy Swinton, and said defiantly, 'Men don't *not* respect her.'

'You must allow *me* to be the best judge of that,' said Lady Brakewaite with dignity. 'In any case, it's no use your arguing, I've made up my mind. Not half an inch lower shall that neck be cut; *and I wish you'd try to co-operate with us instead of always fighting us.*'

Suddenly she screamed shrilly 'Who brought that horse in here?'

III

'Ooo, how I love you,' breathed Hector.

'And Margie loves her Lollipop,' whispered his wife.

'And Margie won't let it make any difference to her loving her Lollipop?'

'How could Margie let it make any difference when her Lollipop gave it her?'

He kissed her tenderly and whispered '*I wish we could be sure it would be a He.*'

Beside the *bed stood a little, long-legged, shivering colt.*

IV

According to the *Daily Mail* next morning there was scarcely a home in England in which one or more horses had not miraculously appeared during the night. The *Times* was more restrained; beyond a two-line report of an unconfirmed rumor it made no mention of the occurrence.

The evening papers carried shrieking posters 'Horses Stampede in French Chamber,' 'Horses Cross Frontier: Official,' and, more locally, 'Marylebone Horse Jumps Statue,' 'Beverley Nichols says: Why Horses?' and 'Horse Adopted by Frinton Family.'

By the next morning it was impossible to doubt that something very extraordinary was going on. By the day after the Horse Manifestations had become an International Problem.

For horses were appearing everywhere and all the time. Reports came in of liners, horse-crammed from poop to stern, of horses appearing amazingly in board meetings, buses and trams. There seemed no place in all the world free from the sudden appearance of horses. For the first time in his life the Man in the Street could actually see what the papers were talking about.

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It was left to a Swiss Professor to make the discovery that the horses invariably seemed to be the result of a wish verbally expressed. After this, pandemonium broke loose. The occasion demanded, of course, a learned letter to the *Times*.

To the Editor of the *Times*.
Dear Sir,

This morning, while performing my customary ablutions, I inadvertently expressed a wish that I have neither space nor inclination to enlarge upon in your hospitable columns. I may, however, remark that immediately afterward I found in the bath in proximity to my left knee a *Hippocampus* or, as it is popularly known, a Sea-Horse. Closer examination of this creature convinced me that it was of the species known as *Solenognathus*, hitherto supposed to be peculiar to the coasts of China and Australia and habitually attaining a length of nearly two feet. The *Hippocampus* in question measured exactly seventeen and one half inches. I wonder if any of your readers have had a similar experience?

May I further trespass upon your kindness and recall the old Lancashire folk-rhyme,

T'oss bin rampin' in t'ay, läad
T'oss bin gaudin' an' freckit.

I should be grateful if any of your readers could supply me with variants of this.

Yours, etc.,
T. Murples (B.A. Liverpool).
The Rectory,
Shaw-cum-Hardy.

One by one, more or less creakingly, the Governments of the world began to act. In Germany citizens were urged to wish horses for all they were worth, fine upstanding Aryan horses that would give Germany equine preponderance over the rest of the world. England and France, and after a period of doubt and apprehension the remaining States of Central and South-eastern Europe, passed laws forbidding under pain of stringent punishments—it was rumored that Rumania applied the death-penalty—any man, woman or child to make a wish.

At this the Vatican stepped in. It was obvious, pronounced His Holiness in an Encyclical, that the horse was the direct production of man and therefore in some measure contained man's immortal soul. Thus the artificial prevention of horse-appearance, he concluded, was tantamount to the murder of an immortal soul that might have been a race-course winner, and so was a sin against the Almighty.

There were other protests against this legislation. In England, the Communists proclaimed that the appearance of the horse denoted the Urge of Nature to Communism, the Natural Law that all men were equal and now could be equal in horse-ownership. Unfortunately this theory was exploded by the publication of a report of the Soviet Horse, which described it as a five-toed animal and an obvious throwback to the original Prehistoric Horse.

V

But legislation could not prevent the production of horses. Man's centuries of wishing had produced a habit so deeply ingrained that some swore it was an instinct. Few will forget that terrible morning when it seemed that the Law of Averages broke down, and all the horses in London that day appeared simultaneously in Praed Street, Paddington. Indescribable scenes of carnage were the result.

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'But how,' men asked, 'can we be expected to refrain from wishing, when even in Parliament horses occasionally appear?' For there were few who disbelieved the rumor, assiduously put about by the Opposition, that horses had been known to manifest themselves in Cabinet meetings, and that one Minister, as a result of too great equine fecundity, had been requested to hand in his resignation.

Then there was the scandal of Lady Rumpleton, the celebrated feminist M.P., who stated publicly that she wished that men would eschew swearing and strong drink and bring their wages home to their wives. It was a quarter of an hour before the chairman of the meeting could reach her through the confusion of clothes-horses with which she was suddenly surrounded.

And few will forget that day when the Prime Minister, speaking before a crowded House, expressed the wish that England should stand by her obligations—and produced only a Shetland pony. After this, the interconnection of character and type of horse was held to be established.

Julius Rumplebottom, Managing Director of Incorporated Industries, was the first to make a practical application of this principle. Prospective employes were led to a slaughterhouse where stood a horse-expert from Tattersall's. Here the candidate was asked to make a wish. The horse-expert then pronounced on the quality of the animal produced, which was immediately slaughtered and burned. The Managing Director told the press that this system gave excellent results, though rejected candidates were apt to complain that the surroundings made them nervous, and that they had produced far better horses at home.

'. . . And so,' said the Voice, 'this cotton pod that once blew over Indian fields is transformed by British enterprise into the finished shirt you see here before you. Wouldn't your wife like to see you in that one?'

From coy geniality the Voice returned to the gently instructive. 'Talking of shirts,' it continued amiably, 'here is Miss Hetty Lingfield who can put her shirt—pardon me, chemise—on a horse that is sure to romp home a winner. Here you see her with Fiddly Dan, her wish-horse that was unanimously chosen to represent Great Britain at the World Wish-Horse Congress to be held at Pasadena. Good luck, Hetty. . . .'

VI

To many people the worst aspect of the whole business manifested itself in the various Horse Cults. In England these took a comparatively harmless turn. Societies, mostly composed of undergraduates, were formed, whose members sat on straw in a darkened stable, chanting:—

Two things I know about the horse
And one of them is rather coarse.

over and over again till they fell on the straw in exhaustion. Only the High 'Ostler was said to know what the coarse thing was. As the society soon got into arrears with its straw gill, it didn't last long enough for the secret to pass to the Acting 'Ostler, in which case it could have been confidentially expected to get around.

These childish societies had, however, little in common with the grotesque obscenities practiced under the name of Horse Cults in Berlin and the Far East. One of the more mention-

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able was, perhaps, that of Allahabad; the so-called worshippers built a circular stable of reinforced concrete, stood inside and proceeded to wish, wishing until trampled to death by the products of their excessive desires. The British Government went so far as to sit on an International Commission to stop this self-immolation, but little was actually done.

VII

It was about this time that a young Cambridge scientist, working in conjunction with a distinguished Oxford philologist and an anthropologist from London, produced what was undeniably the only reasonable explanation of the phenomenon. Their work published in an obscure journal under the title, *Some Notes on Equine Variability*, caused little stir. Yet so lucid and valid was their explanation that I feel some account of it should be given.

Briefly, it was as follows: the phenomenon, they pointed out, began exactly at the winter equinox. Now *equinox*—here the philologist stepped in—has traditionally been taken as meaning 'equal night.' He, however, adduced a new explanation, namely, that the word originally was *equinenox* or 'Horse-night.' He recalled, as an indication that similar phrases were not unknown, the line in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus: 'O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!'* Mind you, all three added, this proves nothing. But a careful collation of minute details—odd lines from the Bible like Isaiah ii, 7, *'Their land is also full of horses'*—odd facts from Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough*, such as that both Lycurgus and Hippolytus were said to have been torn to pieces by horses, while among the Ewe-speaking people of the South Coast of Africa the King is not allowed to see any horse—these and other such details did seem to establish the fact that in the dim dark ages there had been a period on earth, a period that again coincided with the winter equinox, when another such a horse-plague had come.

This being so, added the scientist, it was all a question of time and atmospheric disturbances. He ended on a note of hope, pointing out that, of fifty wish-horses he had personally examined at Saffron Walden during the past three months, there was undoubtedly a tendency among the later ones to be less virile, more lacking in stamina. He was chary of drawing conclusions from this group-test, but the scientific world was cheered.

Events rapidly began to prove him right. For a period of six months the wish-horses began to deviate strangely from the normal. Winged horses, known as Pegasuses or Pegasi, appeared. There came wooden horses with pegs in their backs, like that one spoken of by Chaucer in the Squire's Tale. Horses appeared that stood upright on solid bottoms like the knights on a chessboard. And, most interesting of all, came a crop of centaurs, male and female, unfortunately able to speak the human tongue and demand admittance to the Savoy Hotel.

And so, thank God, slowly but surely, the plague died down. Came a day when Man, open-eyed and wondering, dared to wish again, and the world, fearfully at first, began to resume its normal ways. But for a long time there was a great stench.

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An analysis of the conflict between the Catholic Church and National Socialism.

The Cross *and the* Swastika

By GUNTHER BUXBAUM

Translated from *Mercure de France*
Paris Political and Literary Bi-Monthly

FOR almost eight years we have witnessed the conflict between Catholicism and National Socialism. The dissolution of Catholic organizations, the expropriation of convent property, the forced closing of religious schools, riots in the streets of Vienna and Munich, arrests by the thousands of priests and laymen, physical attacks on ecclesiastical personages, autos-da-fé of church ornaments—all these things have been the more sensational aspects of the struggle.

The whole process is highly reminiscent of the Reformation that took place centuries ago. In the famous theses that he nailed up on the door of the Wittenberg Church, Luther merely summarized the trends of thought that had existed long before his appearance. The world-theory of National Socialism has also grown out of several tendencies of the past, such as Luther's intransigent rationalism, Darwinian materialism and Nietzsche's vitalism. Even a brief analysis would show *Mein Kampf*, or Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century* to be more or less skillful compilations of these theories. Thus, for example, when Rosenberg abuses St. Paul, he follows one of the most cherished Prostestant traditions, though his argumentation is warped by his anti-Semitism, which makes him see St. Paul as nothing but a corrupt Jew.

The undermining of Catholicism in Central Europe started as far back as the beginning of the 19th century with Fichte, the father of racism and Pan-Germanism, whom we find rebuking Christianity because it 'uses God to carry our egoism over to the next world . . . strengthening it by hope of life after death.' He feels that such a religion ought to disappear. From this utterance there is only a step to the doctrine of 'positive Christianity,' embodied in Article 24 of the official National Socialist program.

Beneath this camouflaging term an entirely new religion was being created —'a new faith, the myth of blood, the

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firm belief that the defense of the blood is the defense of the divine principle in man,' as Rosenberg himself describes it. What began as straightforward Protestant rationalism has here dissolved into a strange confusion of ideas, strongly colored with a vague mysticism. It is possible that the religious aspect of National Socialism was induced by sheer psychological expediency. Hitler himself wrote: 'The greatness of any active organization which is the embodiment of an idea lies in the spirit of religious fanaticism and intolerance in which it attacks all others, being fanatically convinced that it alone is right.' Thus Hitler himself has pronounced on the religious nature of his movement.

The reaction of the Catholics to this new faith was immediate, anticipating even the official adoption of the doctrine. It took the form of an episcopal treatise on the doctrinal errors in the National Socialist world-theory, written in 1931, at a time when the leaders of the movement still preferred to dissociate themselves from what they called Rosenberg's 'personal views.' The letter, as well as the pastoral epistle that the Austrian episcopate put out in 1933, denounced race hatred, excessive anti-Semitism and nationalism and a schismatic desire to found a new national Church. Austria, the hearth of political universalism, appropriately enough objected to the National Socialist threat to the universality of the Church.

The second stage of the conflict was marked by Alfred Rosenberg's appointment as a director of the Department of Culture. Making Rosenberg the '*praeceptor Germaniae*' implied a definite approbation of his doctrine. The 'myth of blood' became the State religion of the Third Reich, and was appropriately followed by the establishment of a Cæsar cult, with the divinity personified by Hitler. To the race idolatry was added the more personal leader-worship. Hitler was invested with the attributes of a Messiah and surrounded by an entourage of saints drawn from the ranks of the 'martyrs' of the movement, like Horst Wessel and Planetta.

II

When it was the question of denouncing the doctrinal errors of Rosenberg's personal work an episcopal rebuke was deemed enough. But when the Church was faced with a new State-endorsed religion whose purpose was to exterminate all others, and particularly Catholicism, Pius XI himself took the floor. His bitterly-worded Encyclical, entitled *With Burning Sorrow*, written on March 14, 1937, completed the indictment of the previous letters, condemning racism and the rejection of the Old Testament, as well as the deification of temporal rulers and the false conception of God. Rome had spoken, defining the position of Catholicism and, even throughout all the succeeding attempts to come to an understanding with the National Socialism, no representative of the Church has actually dared to swerve from the path indicated by the Holy Father.

The first move of the Church was the episcopal letter dated June 3, 1933. In it, the German episcopate, although still evincing considerable firmness on the score of the heretical aspect of the National Socialist doctrine, went so far as to proclaim its 'pride and joy' at the purely German

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character of the movement, and to declare itself ready for the greatest sacrifices in the name of the people and the country. In the same way, the pastoral letter of August, 1936, as well as that written on Christmas of the same year, after having duly stated the German clergy's allegiance to the immutable character of the Catholic doctrine, advocated unity in the German fight against Bolshevism.

In the interval between those letters —that of 1933 and of 1936—several significant events bore witness to the determination of the National Socialist leaders to uproot Catholicism: Brown Shirts' attacks upon the members of the Catholic Congress in Munich, arrests of Catholic priests and deputies, suppression of Christian syndicates and other Catholic organizations, assassination of the chief of the Catholic Action, destruction of the Catholic press and defamation of the clergy as a whole by means of the scandalous immorality trials. Yet in spite of these things the Church continued her efforts at conciliation. And many times the establishment of a national German Church freed from Roman influence—an idea cherished by Hitler—seemed imminent.

The main exponent of the conciliation policy was Cardinal Innitzer of Austria. In 1936 he wrote a letter to Chancellor Schuschnigg. Its theme was the Austro-German Agreement of July, 1936, which the pessimists of that time considered, and not without reason, as a prelude to the present *Anschluss*. The Cardinal, far from sharing the apprehensions of the Catholics about the Agreement, saw in it a 'work of peace' and insisted on the Church's accepting it as such. Nor was he the only Austrian prelate who was gratified by this development. His statement was followed by that of Bishop Hudal, at that time the rector of the German College of Santa Maria dell'Anima at Rome. Monsignor Hudal's declaration went far beyond that of the Cardinal. Innitzer welcomed the 'German peace' as a final solution to fatal dissension. Bishop Hudal saw it rather as a starting point for a further alliance and advised the Catholics to rally toward National Socialism.

The dramatic climax came when, after the breaking up of the Schuschnigg Cabinet, Cardinal Innitzer addressed the following appeal to the faithful: 'Today the Catholics of the Diocese of Vienna are invited to thank God Our Lord for his having decreed that the great political changes in Austria have taken place without any blood being spilt, and to pray for the happy future of our country. It is assumed that all the orders of the authorities will be followed voluntarily and with good grace.'

III

On March 14, Hitler came to Vienna and Cardinal Innitzer solicited an interview with him, which was not granted until the following day. The instructions that the Cardinal issued the next day were marked by a determination to adjust himself to Austria's new situation. The faithful were recommended to follow without reserve the Great German State and its Führer, and the clergy was commanded to abstain from politics. The most important part, however, dealt with the dissolution of the Catholic Youth organizations, whose leaders were told to make ready to join the

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youth organizations of the German Reich. This renunciation of the education of youth was more than a renunciation of an important part of the church's apostolic mission. Surrendering the Catholic youth to Baldur von Schirach simply meant delivering it into the clutches of Rosenberg's ideology.

The proclamation of the Austrian episcopate that followed, however, showed certain misgivings. The encomium touched only upon 'the domain of the ethnic and economic reconstruction as well as that of social politics.' Cultural policy and, above all, racist doctrine were passed over in significant silence, redeemed, it is true in some measure, by the *Heil Hitler* written in Innitzer's own handwriting at the end of the missive. This reserved attitude was very much resented by the Nazis; all the more since it was in marked contrast with that of another group of Austrian churchmen, who showed no such lack of enthusiasm—the Union for Religious Peace, whose members do not find their profession of the Catholic faith inconsistent with formal adhesion to the Hitlerian Party. They are the true exponents of the understanding between Catholicism and National Socialism.

These two Catholic camps did not need long to haggle over the price of their loyalty. Their service to the new régime mattered only until the day of the plebiscite, after which the dignified resignation of the Archbishop of Vienna, as well as the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the Union, automatically ceased to matter. After the plebiscite, Cardinal Innitzer's concessions were merely a recognition of the *fait accompli*. The very existence of the Austrian episcopate was ignored by the Nazis. The authorities proceeded to the suppression of the religious feasts, the abolition of Catholic schools and the introduction of divorce legislation, without even bothering to inform the Cardinal, who learned about it from the papers.

IV

How was it then that, in spite of the obvious incompatibility of the two schools of thought, the Church repeatedly attempted reconciliation? The reasons are multiple. First of all, it was taken for granted that this conciliation need only be established on the political plane: the racist doctrine was always held unacceptable. The truth is, Catholicism finds itself in a terrific dilemma when faced with National Socialism. Although rejecting it as heresy, the Church must recognize it, inasmuch as it represents a governmental system. 'Render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's . . .' The Catholic doctrine demands this recognition of the Government—even though it be one that persecutes it.

Then, of course, there is the question of expediency. Before the Church can fulfill its mission, it has to arrive at a *modus vivendi*. As Innitzer himself has put it, 'The Church will not regret its loyalty to the Greater Germany. The Führer's own word is a guarantee that the Church will be allowed to fulfill her mission.' Moreover the Cardinal, who, because of his known Pan-Germanic sympathies, expected to be *persona grata* among the National Socialist leaders, saw himself as a savior of Catholicism in Central Europe. He believed, together with many other Austrian prelates,

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that concessions at the right time would pave the way for an eventual understanding. In this belief he was soon undeceived.

The majority of practicing Catholics in Central Europe are dubious about an alliance with a régime whose avowed aim seems to be to do away with their faith. Whatever sympathy for Hitler's work exists comes from their Pan-Germanism. That is even true of the universalist Austria. If in 1933 National Socialism found no sympathy there, it was due to the influence of the conservative Bishops, all of whom, incidentally, were Austrian by birth. But in 1938 the influence of Pan-Germanism prevailed. The ecclesiastics who were for National Socialism were not Austrian born. Cardinal Innitzer and Monsignor Hudal both came from Sudetenland; of the heads of the Union for Religious Peace, one is from Holland, the other from Trentino, which was annexed by Italy in 1918. All of them are from regions where extreme nationalism has always prevailed.

To sum up, the Church's problem was to come to a working understanding with the National Socialism, while at the same time rejecting its heretical implications. It has done its best to achieve this and has failed. Perhaps its attitude in the future will be more uncompromising.

—*Tribune*, London

WOTAN ARISES

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Cyprus and Palestine, two dependents of Great Britain, are both causing her difficulties; Egypt, now on her own, is afraid of the Italian threat.

East *of the* Mediterranean

I. Chastened Cyprus

By Arthur Merton

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

WHEREVER you go in Cyprus today, everyone, be he Greek or Turkish Cypriot, British or foreign resident, official or unofficial member of the community, will talk to you about the 'dictatorship' and 'government through cliques.'

The outburst of seven years ago, which was led by the Bishops and politicians and was based on 'Enossis,' the Union with Greece movement, was followed by the exile of the leaders, including the Bishop of Kition, who has since died, and his brother of Kyrenia, who is still at Athens. Emergency regulations were proclaimed, including control of the press, the suspension of the Legislative Council and the postponement of the municipal elections.

In 1933 an Advisory Council, composed first of six and later of eight nominated members and of the Executive Council with its two nominees, replaced the Legislative Council, to serve as 'a channel through which to obtain the views of the community.' Later, District Councils consisting of nominated village representatives under the Commissioners were created, while all vacancies among the mayors, the *mukhtars* (village headmen) and the municipal councillors became filled by Government nomination.

Cyprus is, in effect, being governed today under a régime based entirely on official nomination to all positions to which formerly the people elected candidates. In the opinion of the Government, this is the only policy for meeting present-day conditions on the island; it is claimed that it is already producing good results and a return to elections except in the distant future would seriously jeopardize its eventual success.

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It is this régime, and particularly the manner in which it is operating, that has given rise to the widespread complaint of a 'dictatorship.'

II

In official circles it is affirmed that the feeling against the régime is only superficial, that it does not extend to the villages, where there is no hostility to it, and that the critics of the Government's policy would be just as ready as the present nominees to accept nomination.

Independent opinion, qualified to judge, replies that the arbitrary methods of the Administration, by arousing hostility to the Government in the towns, are creating a dangerous anti-British current. The Cypriots protest that it is time that the events of 1931, in which the people themselves were only tools, were forgotten. In any case, the riots should be regarded as having been expiated by the fine of £25,000 imposed on the country, the punishment of the leaders and the seven years' deprivation of constitutional rights.

The people complain that the present system makes it impossible for anyone to express his opinions freely, as every comment, particularly if it is critical of official acts, persons or policy, is treated as antagonistic to the Government. The press is under rigid control, and no reason is given when administrative action is taken against a paper.

They strongly maintain that the Advisory Council, which sits in private, does not fulfil the object for which it was created, namely, to serve as a channel for the expression of the views of the people. Its eight nominees do not include representatives of vitally important activities, such as agriculture and finance, and nominees showing any independence of mind are dropped. Moreover, measures intimately concerning the people, they affirm, are prepared without consulting even those whom the Government nominated as representatives of the people.

An instance quoted is the Rural Debts Bill just published, which affects 80 per cent of the population, but which has never been discussed in the Council. It is a bill directed at alleviating the farmer's burden of debts, and is generally approved. But its application and possible reactions are criticized. The defects, its critics say, would have been avoided if the views of those concerned had been sought in advance, as was done in Egypt when similar relief was arranged for fellahin landowners.

Cypriots complain that, compared with pre-War standards, many British officials sent to the island are mediocre in capacity and standing, and lack the experience necessary to enable them to understand local mentality. It is felt that they evince little sympathy for or interest in the life of the people.

On its part, the Turkish community, ever a staunch supporter of the Administration, is now divided in its allegiance. On the one hand is the old conservative element; on the other is the younger generation, daily growing in proportions and admiration of the late Kemal Ataturk's methods and policy. Dissatisfaction has been created by the fact that they seem to be unable in Cyprus to make the same social progress as their fellows in Turkey, and are officially qualified as 'Mos-

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lems,' not as Turkish Cypriots. This they resent, as much as the Greek Cypriots do their new label of 'Orthodox Christians.' The film of the funeral of Ataturk and one of a recent wedding in the Greek Royal family were banned on the ground that either might furnish an occasion for the manifestation of pro-Greek or pro-Turkish sentiment. It was a ban which exacerbated the feelings of each community. Resentment is felt at this suppression of pictures of events in which many have a personal interest, when films depicting Nazi and Fascist activities, for which they have no use, are allowed.

Left to themselves, the Greek and Turkish Cypriots would, in the matter of their attitude toward Greece and Turkey respectively, be much in the same position as the French Canadian, whose pride in his French origin does not prevent him from being a loyal subject of the Empire.

The starting of trade unions is everywhere severely criticized as an innovation unneeded today by a country with such small industries. While it is admittedly right that political agitation should be suppressed, it is feared that trade union activity may lead to an even worse form of agitation. The strikes that have occurred, though small in size, have spread pretty widely, and undoubtedly the trade unions encouraged them.

III

While there is a widespread demand in Cyprus for the restoration of the constitution, particularly so far as the municipal elections are concerned, leaders with whom I have been talking recognize that it would be dangerous to revert at one stroke of the pen to the system of elections which existed before 1931.

They would be satisfied if, as a preliminary, a change were made in the constitution of the Advisory Council. The intention would be that the Council should become a statutory body with clearly defined duties and considerably extended membership to represent every interest. Either half of its members would be elected or the selection of nominees would be directed at securing men supported by the people.

Debates would be public. All Government proposals including the budget, would be submitted to the new Council. This would be undertaken as an experiment, and on its success would depend any further restoration of electoral privileges. There should be a warning that at the slightest sign of systematic obstruction there would be a return to the 1933 Council.

Prominent Greeks go so far as to suggest that English settlers should sit on the Council. They regard their presence as a guarantee of the proper presentation of the views of the people and of coöperation with the Government. Over £2,000,000 of English and American capital is invested in the country, and it is entitled to some representation.

The Government's determination to retain control of the press is justified in the light of its experience of the Cyprus papers in 1931. Regulations should, however, be susceptible of intelligent interpretation. The control will have to be drastically overhauled. Certainly the grounds for any repressive action should be revealed to the offending editor. What is undoubtedly needed is an English newspaper. A subsidized paper, published in English

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under a Greek name, exists already. Its regular appearance is an example of British doggedness in the face of difficulties. But the English editor would, I know, himself admit that it is far from what a British colony should have.

A deadlock which is causing much disquiet has arisen over the Archbishopric of the island. The situation is largely due to the obstructive tactics of the only bishop now left on the island, Paphos, the traditional *locum tenens* of the Archbishopric. He enjoys the position too much to want to surrender it.

The Government has insisted that candidates for the Archbishopric must belong to the Greek Orthodox Church and be Cypriots by birth; it has enacted that no new Archbishop can officiate until the Governor has approved his election. This aroused a storm of protest because the Katastatikon, or charter of the Church of Cyprus, provides that any priest of the Greek Orthodox Church can become Archbishop, no matter what his nationality may be, while under canon law an Archbishop once elected is considered sanctified and his election incontestable.

IV

Difficulties experienced by Cypriot recruits in obtaining employment in the Royal Air Force have called attention to the few opportunities the younger generation in Cyprus has of serving the Empire. There should be scope in the Levant Consular Service, where the sister colony, Malta, has some distinguished sons.

Cyprus might also have a militia on the lines of the Pioneers enlisted in the early occupation days. Such a corps, which later might expand into one or even two battalions, could be of infinite utility for the defense of the island and for service on the continent close by. The loyalty of the police in every emergency, including the 1931 troubles, is an earnest of what may be expected from a Cyprus militia.

The suggestion that, as Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus and Palestine present such different problems from the rest of the Colonial dependencies, there should be a separate Mediterranean section of the Colonial Service, would, if adopted, silence much criticism. It would be an answer to those who complain that unsuitable men are appointed to Cyprus and it would provide further openings for young Cypriots in the Service. The promotion of Cypriot officials to posts outside the island would give enormous satisfaction and encourage loyalty to the Empire.

Cypriots raise strong objection to the admission of Jewish labor. But any Jewish immigrant bringing in capital for the introduction of new enterprises or improvements in what already exists is welcomed. An outstanding example is the Jewish plantation at Fasoorie, near Limassol, where modern methods have converted 1,500 acres of undeveloped land into flourishing fruit and vegetable gardens. The development has drained a considerable area of adjoining marshland, with a marked improvement in health conditions as a consequence. At Larnaca, an offshoot of the artificial tooth factory at Tel Aviv and a button factory have been established by Jews, attracted by the knowledge that, as their prospective markets would be within the Empire, they could benefit by the preferential tariff enjoyed by Cyprus. The planta-

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tion and factories at present employ some 500 hands.

The anti-Government feeling aroused by the régime has not failed to attract the attention of Moscow and Berlin.

Nazi organizations have now taken over the Fascist activities of the past few years, which made no headway owing to the inherent Cypriot dislike of the Italians. They recently sent Cypriot schoolboys copies in Greek of *Mein Kampf* with Nazi badges and letters asking for names of others to whom books might be sent. Paid claques lead the applause in the cinemas whenever Nazi films are shown, and efforts have been made to buy over members of the community as propaganda agents. So far the Government has successfully countered every move of this nature.

Great Britain reoccupied Cyprus just 60 years ago. The island reveals great changes compared with its condition in 1878. But it is a sad commentary on British administration that Cyprus should today be without even the elected representative institutions it enjoyed under the Turks. A more conciliatory policy, implemented by more sympathetic hands, would place the situation in Cyprus on a basis serving both local and Imperial interests, and permit both elements in the population to give loyal support to their rulers.

II. Arabs Meet by Night

By Erich Gottgetreu

Translated from the *Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris German-Émigré Daily

(*This article was written just before Fakhri Bey Nashashibi was sent to the Palestine Conference in London as the representative of the Arab Defense Party. It shows that the hostilities among the Arabs themselves are perhaps even greater than those between the Arabs and the Jews.*—The Editors)

We, foreign correspondents all of us, were standing in a deserted Jerusalem street after dark, nervously looking for a taxi driver who looked discreet enough to take us to a perilous and secret destination.

'Do you know where he lives?'

'Just behind the city, I believe, where the road turns toward Nablus.'

'That is right. Just tell the chauffeur: Fakhri Bey Nashashibi.'

But it was another matter to find a chauffeur who would take us there. Hardly anyone, as far as that goes, liked to hear this address mentioned. Besides, the Arab taxi drivers were on strike. The terrorists have forbidden them to apply to the Government for driving licenses.

And Jewish taxi drivers, too, feel ill at ease when the house in which Fakhri Bey lives is given. For today this man no longer holds the insignificant position of Secretary to the Mayor of Jerusalem. He has become the leader of the anti-terrorist opposition. He is the chairman of the National Defense Party—that is to say, a so-called 'moderate' Arab, and thus a deadly enemy of Haj Amin Al Husseini, the Mufti of Jerusalem. The term 'deadly' is literally true, for the

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Mufti had once upon a time sentenced him to death, a fate which he escaped only because the Mufti himself was forced to flee to Lebanon.

Our driver was unwilling to take us to Fakhri Bey's house until we had promised him that he would not have to wait. There were five of us—all foreign newspapermen. We arrived at the spacious mansion, sumptuously carpeted in the oriental tradition, and were taken to a room in a distant wing of the house. A few minutes later the master of the house entered. But is he still master of the house? Is he not rather a prisoner? He hardly dares to leave it—for he knows full well that death awaits him outside.

A few weeks ago he published a letter to the High Commissioner, in which he protested against the terror exercised by the Mufti's party, and in which he challenged its right to represent the entire Arab population of Palestine. Since then feeling against him has greatly increased.

II

'Today, gentlemen,' Fakhri Bey addressed us, 'I have invited you inside to convince you that the greater part of the Arab people stands behind the Defense Party and not behind the Mufti. In a few minutes you will meet the Sheiks, *mukhtars* and notables from forty-five Arab villages in the regions of Jerusalem, Ramallah and Hebron; they represent in all 70,000 Arabs. . . .'

These men, we learned, had come at night in the greatest secrecy, for the majority of them had been sentenced to death by the terrorist Supreme Council in Damascus. When they were introduced, they implored us not to publish their names. We promised.

Then the collective interview started: on the one side, five journalists, and each with a number of questions to ask; on the other, thirty men, sitting around us in a large circle. Fakhri Bey served as an interpreter.

Only three or four of the Arabs spoke—venerable figures with shining brown faces under the white *keffiyehs*. The others were merely a supporting chorus, showing particular animation only when they had an opportunity to vent their hatred against the Mufti and his terrorist bands.

'But surely many Arabs must be for the Mufti?' one of us asked.

'Not more than one out of three—and not all of them of their own free will.'

'Who will represent you during the London discussions?'

'Certainly not the Mufti.'

'What is your position in the London negotiations?'

'We are willing to coöperate with Great Britain if our demands are met. We want no more Jewish immigration, no more sale of land to Jews, and we demand self-government.'

'What will the status be of the Jews who have already settled in Palestine?'

'They will have the same rights as we. We have always had many Jews living here and we have lived with them like brothers. The Jews have never done to us what the Mufti has done.'

'What is your relationship with the British troops in the country?'

'The troops came to free our land of bandits, and they have done their work well. They have acted in an entirely correct manner. We were mistreated only by the terrorists. They

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have killed more Arabs in Palestine then the fighting troops.'

The interview lasted almost an hour. Before we parted, the Sheiks explained to us that we should not be astonished if they were to repudiate this interview; they might be forced to do so at the point of a gun.

Again they implored us to keep their names secret. The old man in Beirut makes it very difficult indeed for them.

III. Egypt on the Alert

By Georges Meyer

Translated from *Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily.

EXTRAVAGANT Italian claims are not a new thing in the eastern corner of the Mediterranean, and Egypt's reaction to them has remained unchanged. Throughout the Rome negotiations, which resulted in the Anglo-Italian Pact, Egyptian public opinion was uncompromisingly distrustful of Italian intentions, in spite of the indefatigable propaganda carried on by Italian agents.

The Cairo press has constantly begged the British Government to keep in mind during its negotiations with Italy the vital interests of Egypt. Only recently *Wafd El Masri*, the organ of the Wafd Nationalist Party, expressed its fear that the policy of conciliation which both France and Britain have carried out toward Germany and Italy would end in depriving Egypt of the advantages to which she has every right. It demanded that no negotiations should take place on such subjects as freight rates, communications, construction, war preparations, or treaties, without Egypt's interests being properly represented.

It is useful to remember that the Anglo-Italian Agreement touches directly upon Egyptian interests, particularly in the clauses dealing with the Italian obligations toward Lake Tana and the neutrality of the Suez Canal. From the point of view of Egypt, the problem has a very special importance. Egypt is the only territorial State among the nations controlling the Canal. Thirty years hence, in 1968, after the concession has expired, the Canal will revert to the Egyptian Government. Thus any activities which affect the interests of the Company simultaneously affect the financial interests of Egypt. According to the terms of the agreement signed on May 27, 1936, the Suez Canal Company pays to the Government of Egypt an annual amount of 300,000 Egyptian Pounds. Besides, subsidies have been given by the Company to the Cairo Government for large public works under construction in the Canal region, particularly along the Port Said-Suez route. All these financial benefits are only fair in view of the fact that Egypt was the only Power that in the beginning did not directly profit by the Canal, built though it was by Egyptian labor.

The Egyptian Government, faced with the necessity of strengthening its national defense, as a result of Italy's political and territorial ambitions in Northern and Eastern Africa, has an urgent need of the fiscal revenues

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brought to it by the Suez Company. It cannot allow this source of revenue to be endangered. That is why Egyptian public opinion is unanimous in demanding that the rights of Egypt be respected and that Egypt's interests in the Suez Company be safeguarded by France and, particularly, Great Britain, which is bound to Egypt by an alliance treaty.

II

Egypt constantly feels the pressure exerted by the Fascist Government on her frontiers and along her coasts. In the East, Palestine, rent by her foreign-inspired sedition, is another cause for grave worry for the Cairo Government, which, in the face of these difficulties, can no longer postpone the reorganization of its national defense.

Proposals have been made by the Fascist Government with a view to establishing a non-aggression pact between the two countries. But the Cairo Government has been too wary to entertain them seriously. Many unsolved questions still exist since the conquest of Ethiopia, one of them being the concentration in Libya of divisions of the Italian army, whose presence constitutes a permanent menace to the Egyptian frontiers.

Egypt so far has remained immune to foreign propaganda within its borders. *Mein Kampf*, in its expurgated form, has been widely distributed, particularly on the occasion of the Pan-Arabian interparliamentary congress—as well as numerous tracts dealing with racial questions. The effect of this, to date, has been slight.

The average Egyptian feels himself bound to all his Arabian brothers by the ties of race and faith. He, more than anybody else, wishes to see peace in Islam and the renaissance of the Arab culture. He sympathizes with the Arab nationalist ambitions in the Orient and he ardently wishes to see them realized, but he does not feel the slightest sympathy for the Mufti, whose selfish interests, he feels, overshadow those of the nation. He does not want to see Amin El Husseini on the throne of an independent Arab State.

Nor is Egypt, whose work and effort have made her the leader of the Moslem world, in favor of a confederation of Arab states, a project which has lately been much discussed in Jerusalem and in London. She knows that if such a project were realized, the peace of the Orient would be again destroyed and the antagonistic forces, which oppose each other in the Levant with a growing violence, would plunge the Arabic world into a confusion from which it would not emerge for a long time to come.

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Soviet Russia remains the unknown quantity in the balance of Powers.

Russia Looks *for a* Bargain

By W. J.

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Swiss Liberal German-Language Daily

THE foreign policy of the Soviet Union has for the past few months been characterized by a fatalistic sort of passiveness. Neither the Litvinov declaration at Geneva that, in case of war, Russia would have fulfilled her obligations toward France, nor Molotov's and Voroshilov's high sounding statements on the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution that the Russian troops could destroy any enemy have eradicated the impression that the Russian Government feels unable to stem the political currents in Europe, even though they may have disastrous results for Soviet Russia. Just as she had put up with being pushed aside at the Munich Conference, so she raised no objections to the further dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia, although the struggle for the Carpatho-Russian territory touches directly upon Russian interests. Outside of Europe the Soviet régime has also accepted a number of disappointments with complete apathy. All these factors, taken together, have created the impression that the Soviet Union had not only lost her initiative but was resigned to her isolation in the field of international politics as to a *fait accompli*.

Lately, however, Moscow seems to have overcome this attack of weakness. To be sure, the principle of collective security, to which Russian diplomacy has clung so desperately, is no longer mentioned in Russia, after the collapse of that idea was proved by the Czecho-Slovakian crisis. On the whole, the Kremlin seems to regard it advisable at present to play a merely decorative rôle both in Paris and in London, so as not to jeopardize the still existing treaties with her neighbors, at least outwardly. In the opinion of the Soviet Government, these treaties may, at a later date, become a very real factor in world politics. The Soviet newspapers have, especially in regard to France, avoided putting forth any claims or expressing any criticism, while at the same time they constantly expressed their anger and disappointment about Munich in

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ironical and spiteful attacks upon England.

Moscow clearly realizes that it cannot count upon any kind of active support by the two Western Powers in the near future, and thus Soviet diplomacy has taken a lead from the dictators in regard to bilateral treaties. Moscow's present goal is an understanding between the two giants, Russia and America, disregarding her former vacillating partners in Europe.

The *Izvestia* has lately made it a point to appeal to the conscience of the American Government to make a change in her foreign policy and to get away from British influence. *Izvestia* claims that Great Britain's attitude at Munich has done great harm to Washington's foreign policy in the past and that it will impede it in the future. It also believes that 'Fascism' is already looming on the American horizon. For that reason, *Izvestia* claims, the United States has every reason to look around for other allies to safeguard world peace. Why should not the United States and Russia work together fruitfully in the field of international policy as they have done in the past few years in the field of cultural relations and international trade? It is no accident, the newspaper maintains, that both the Soviet Union and the United States are equally hated by the aggressive States; nobody would resist the 'united voices of the two giants.'

Russia herself is probably not any too optimistic about the effects of these hints. For at the same time we see her trying to inspire smaller nations with a feeling of confidence in their powerful neighbor. For instance, the Soviet Government has used Ataturk's death as a pretext to give assurances to Turkey that in an hour of need she could always count on the friendship of the Soviets. She has also very recently made preludes to Greece, Rumania and Yugoslavia.

Another instance of Russia's renewed activities in the field of foreign policy is the fact that the twentieth anniversary of Latvia's independence has been widely discussed in the Russian press. It is as if the Soviet Government would like to erase the memory of her apathetic attitude during the presentation of the Polish ultimatum to Lithuania when she now declares that the geographic position of the Latvian Republic forces the Soviet Union to take a special interest in the maintenance of its independence and integrity.

II

This wooing of her little neighbors is accompanied by violent demonstrations against the German aspirations in the Ukraine. For some time Moscow ignored Hitler's Ukrainian plans of conquest, but lately it has raised its voice. *Izvestia* has devoted an entire issue to the memory of the 'great historic lesson' of the Ukrainians' heroic revolt against the German military. Spirited cartoons showed how the Ukrainian peasants cleaned up the German generals and their Hetman; an unmistakable warning was given to the German Government not to risk an adventure in which it would be destroyed by the 'patriotic enthusiasm' of the Russian people.

The Russo-Polish rapprochement indicates that Germany's plan of a Greater Ukraine, which would affect Russian as well as Polish interests, has succeeded in bringing together the two Slav Powers, which until very recently disliked each other pro-

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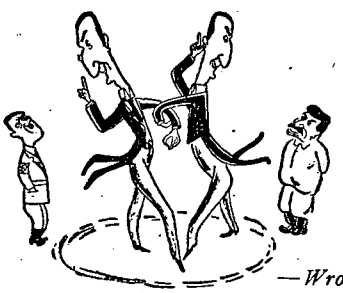
foundly. The initiative for this rapprochement was taken in Warsaw; but Moscow apparently has accepted the offered hand willingly. It is difficult, however, to believe in a true friendship between Soviet Russia and Poland, and we would not be amazed if, despite the agreement, which was emphasized by the Russo-Polish Non-Aggression Pact and the announcement of an improvement of trade relations, Moscow would nevertheless come to an agreement with Germany over the head of Poland, just as Poland apparently disregarded Russia when Beck called on Hitler.

Strangely enough, the Russian press has not only accepted the German terminology of a 'Carpatho-Ukraine' but it has also clearly expressed itself in favor of the Carpatho-Ukraine remaining under the jurisdiction of Czecho-Slovakia—an attitude hard to explain; for it seemed definitely in Soviet Russia's interests that Hungary should control Carpatho-Russia and that Poland and Hungary together should form that barrier against the German *Drang nach Osten*, which endangers the Soviet régime most severely in the Ukraine. Naturally, it is known in Moscow that the Germans are aiming at creating a base in the Carpatho-Ukraine, from which propaganda for the Greater Ukraine might be disseminated in the Soviet Ukraine, but Russia is not overly afraid of this agitation. Russia believes—a belief which is strengthened by Poland's desire for Russian backing—that as a result of Germany's Ukrainian plans, a German-Polish conflict will emerge rather than a Russian-German one. The temptation for Russia to come to terms with the Third Reich at the expense of Poland is, at any rate, very great.

We doubt that there are actual negotiations for a rapprochement between Berlin and Moscow, even though for some time the German attacks against Jewry have no longer been coupled with the formerly common attacks against Bolshevism. But if the Soviets could buy peace from Hitler, by sacrificing Poland, whose political system is hardly less repugnant to them than National Socialism, they would probably do it. Concerning the Greater Ukrainian plans, Russia does not really doubt that in the end the various Ukrainian splinter groups will be attracted to her rather than to Germany, and that for this reason all the plans of the latter will finally benefit the Soviet Union; perhaps that might explain her seemingly illogical attitude about Carpatho-Russia.



—*Wroble na Dachu*, Krakow

BECK'S DANSE POLONAISE

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The Green Hell of the jungle exists only in the minds of armchair explorers; the Reich cracks down on the gypsies; a 'Buy British' campaign is launched.

Miscellany

I. Jungle Hokum

By George Denk

From the *Latin-American World*, London Commercial Monthly

THE way some casual visitors to Latin America retail, at second or *n*th hand, stories of 'desperate adventures in the perpetual struggle against Nature, Man and Beast' in hinterlands they have never seen, you would think that the man must be pretty courageous or foolhardy who dares to venture into the jungle fastnesses. Popular misconceptions, amounting almost to delusions, about the New World jungles are due entirely to the live imagination and braggard insolence of amateur 'adventurers' who are only too ready to peddle nightmares across a conniving publisher's counter in order to part a thrill-starved, gullible reading public from its money.

The formula for a successful jungle tale is simple: vivid and lurid word-pictures of terrible hardships in Green Hells, dramatic encounters with wild, woolly and head-hunting Indians, fights with gigantic man-crushing snakes or fierce man-eating jaguars, pumas and alligators. Result: the reader is satisfied, the publisher is amply repaid for his enterprise, and the writer employs a secretary to tot up his royalties while he retires for the gestation of a new brain-child.

Frankly, the majority of these author-adventurers are liars. They do not lie, perhaps, for the sake of lying, though it is a sop to their monstrous vanity; they lie because, as they confess when challenged, they *simply* have to 'give the public what it wants' —for the sake of pecuniary gain, that is. I have seen many of these pseudo-explorers become embarrassed when cross-questioned as to the exact nature and location of their 'adventures.' For the truth is that many of them have seen the jungle, if at all, only from a distance. There are, of course, others who have actually touched on

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the fringes of the jungle or who have traveled down the forest-edged waterways of the Amazon in luxuriously appointed motor-launches and silk shirts. It is a well-known literary fact that adventurers de luxe always contrive to whelp the most lurid thrillers; whereas the genuine explorer, at the other end of the scale, is often given to understatement.

II

The truth is that there is precious little romance and thrilling adventure in the jungles of Latin America. Hardships there are aplenty for the *pukka* explorer, what with torrential rains, bloodthirsty insects, illnesses, food-shortages and the like; but these are all part-and-parcel of the scientist-explorer's daily round and common task. They are certainly not classed by him as adventures.

The jungles themselves are what you would expect them to be if you are a person of average intelligence: hot, humid, tangled and depressing; if they were not, they would not be jungles. But Green Hells where Nature Swelters and Deals Death Right and Left just do not exist, except in the imagination of armchair adventurers. The outer fringe of a jungle is always its worst part, forming a solid, dense wall of vegetation, thickest on the banks of a river, through which one must literally carve one's way by the aid of a *machete*. But once within the primeval forest one progresses with comparative ease beneath the vast, lofty canopy of green formed by the interwoven foliage and branches of tall trees.

Only where there is a break in this 'ceiling,' can the sun encourage those fantastic and exotic growths which are supposed to form the whole jungle. By trailing around these—there is no compulsion to hew one's way through solid clumps of greenery—the explorer, who invariably employs the best guides and carriers, moves forward to his objective. The bush, apart from the trailing lianas which hang from trees and which are easy enough to cut, is astonishingly open.

Life, both animal and human, is scarce and elusive. One may travel for days without seeing a large animal of any kind or an Indian, and even the parrots and monkeys are to be heard rather than seen. The 'ferocious' jaguar, which really is the most dangerous mammal that one is liable to encounter, is seldom in evidence. With the peccaries, tapirs, ant-eaters, ocelots and other large game, he prefers the river banks and the denser growths. Only when his natural sources of food are exhausted, a most rare occurrence, does he venture into the open jungle. Alligators are plentiful where there is water; but if shooting at these is your idea of big game hunting, you must be the sort of person who would pull the trigger on a sitting bird—it is a sadist's sport. Large snakes, on the other hand, are rare, though one may meet an occasional boa constrictor or anaconda of middling size—these creatures are, by the way, only slightly elastic and never reach the dimensions credited them by travelers. Constricting snakes are harmless so far as the human passer-by is concerned; they desire nothing better than to be left alone to doze and digest the day's meal. In the same way the smaller, poisonous snakes, which also are not visibly numerous, rarely ever attack.

The primitive Indian, like the ani-

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mals, is lost in the vastness of the jungle. Settlements of semi-civilized tribes are common enough on jungle outskirts and in clearings, and the odds are that your last illusions about wild Indians will be dispelled by the discovery that a commercial traveler in sewing machines has already passed that way and that a gold coin is more acceptable to the 'savages' than the most highly polished mirror. There are, however, several tribes, especially in the vast expanse of Brazil's hinterland, who have learned by bitter experience that the best white man is a dead white man and who have a deep-rooted prejudice against being come upon unawares or otherwise provoked. They are very considerate, therefore, in living in the regions most difficult of access; the fact that some are head-hunters is their own, and their rival neighboring tribes', business. No reliable guide will lead his employer into known 'hostile country.'

The 'Indian peril' is, in point of fact, the least of the jungle's drawbacks; the worst are accidents, sickness, difficulties of transport and scarcity of food. If less comfortable to live in, the jungles are on the whole safer than most cities.

II. Oh, to Be a Gypsy . . .

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

ALTHOUGH there are still some who maintain that England is only about 80 per cent, and not 100 per cent, decadent, it is generally admitted that we lag far behind our totalitarian neighbors in several important departments of the national life. Our Administration has been likened to a governess, but never to a good governess, effectively solicitous for the welfare and enlightenment of her charges. Entangled as we are in the outworn harness of democracy, we can only plod slowly forward, gazing with envious admiration at the leaps and bounds with which the dictatorships go through their hoops.

These reflections are prompted by a recent dispatch describing the activities of the Reich Central Office for Combating the Gypsy Mode of Existence. No Englishman can have read about the Reich Central Office for Combating the Gypsy Mode of Existence (which is in process of breaking up the tribes and generally badgering the gypsies) without a twinge of shame. Why have we no similar organization in this country? For how much longer will our Government remain blind to a peril to which every governess is alive? How can democracy survive when half the United Front may at any moment yield to temptation, take to the woods, and start eating hedgehogs?

The increased vigilance of the Reich Central Office for Combating the Gypsy Mode of Existence, which is a branch of the State Police, is understandable. People have always felt uneasy about the gypsies; and in the Middle Ages these wanderers were often subjected to savage persecution. As recently as the early years of the present century—though the gypsies

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were no longer widely suspected, as they had been, of cannibalism—the Kaiser's Government issued a series of edicts affecting them, and the *Zigeuner* (whose name English tongues have corrupted to 'tinker') seems to have been a continual worry to the rulers of Germany.

Poor gypsies! Their misfortunes all arise, in the last analysis, from the fact that they are not respectable. Their curious and primitive culture is strong; their race is proud and sturdy. But they are not respectable; they are nomads. Their way of life is contrary to the smug tenets of modern civilization. Nobody, so far as is known, has ever established the proposition that it is right to live in a cottage, but wrong to live in a caravan. Nevertheless the cottage, the fixed abode, the settled life—these are the vested interests of modern civilization, on these are based the unwritten rules of the club to which we all belong.

It is because we are not quite sure that they are the right rules that the gypsy vaguely upsets us. His colored, drifting life has an atavistic appeal which might, in the early days of our club, have proved dangerous. Instinctively therefore—like cows in a field advancing with lowered horns upon a dog—we (and our governesses) view the gypsy with suspicion.

Even so it is a little hard to see why the Nazi régime should take him so very seriously. His antecedents are being probed and his marriages registered with the criminal police. He is being excluded from frontier districts. In England not even the fussiest governess with the most abductable charges would advocate such stringent measures. But the Nazis doubtless have their own good reasons for keeping a stern eye on the gypsies. Perhaps they want to conserve the Reich's supply of hedgehogs. Perhaps they are dissatisfied with the present state of the Romany-Berlin Axis. Or perhaps they feel that in these strenuous times good Germans should live in and for the present; it will not do to have a lot of vagabonds going round foretelling the future.

III. 'Buy Britisch'

By Harold Bates

From *Answers*, British National Weekly

'GLAS NOT TO RUSCH!'

This ludicrous mistake on the part of a foreign shipping clerk meets my eye when I reach to the shelf in a pantry at my home. It is a reproach to my carelessness.

Having bought some china from a British firm, it had not occurred to me to stipulate that the goods must be of British manufacture. Suspicion was lulled by the mark impressed under each article—a sturdy bulldog. Not until I came to use the wood of the case did I discover my mistake.

About that time the Government was being asked to protect the English pottery industry against Japanese competition and the imitation of British trade marks by the Japanese. M.P.s were shown some cups and saucers, all identical in appearance, with floral borders and similar makers'

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marks. Nobody but an expert could tell which was which, but some were made in England while others came from Japan. The foreign cups were sold for far less than ours. There was the added health danger of impurities being absorbed, as they were fired face downward, which means that the rims could not be properly glazed.

The House was assured that unfair competition with regard to the copying and imitation of styles and trade marks and names would be most severely dealt with. The attention of those in authority would be called to practices which were clearly reprehensible, and which no Government anxious to carry on world-wide trade ought to tolerate for one moment! (Ministerial cheers!)

But foreign manufacturers continue to steal well-known trade marks, designs and selling symbols in order to foist their less reliable goods on to the British public and the world at large. Mustard, metal polish, soap, toys, household goods, tooth paste, face creams and toilet preparations have recently been dumped upon markets in all parts of the world from factories thousands of miles from these islands.

Our Trade Marks Federation, the Federation of British Industries and the Trade Marks Patents and Designs Federation all agree that alien manufacturers are palming off their inferior goods under the bond that they are of best British manufacture. The theft of our trade marks gives foreign competitors an unfair advantage and cheats buyers at home.

This wave of commercial forgery has enveloped the home markets and our one-time monopolies in all parts of the world where 'British' stands for the best to even the most ignorant. Almost every conceivable article we make and export has been subjected to thinly disguised imitation.

Worse still, there are factors and traders here who will lend a hand to this trickery by stamping and reëxporting the foreign-made article, so that the buyers firmly believe they are buying British.

A typical instance of misrepresentation was discussed by a committee appointed under the Merchandise Marks Act, when a lady's dressing-case, stamped 'English made,' came up for examination.

The case was made of Norwegian wood marketed in Denmark. The cardboard lining came from Holland. The mirror was Belgian, the tortoise-shell-backed brushes were German and the toothbrush was Japanese. The nailbrush was French, the comb was Italian and the ninth country to add its quota was Czecho-Slovakia, which made the glass containers. Britain came into the picture by preparing the thin leather outer cover in London.

In a police court prosecution it was shown that tools selling under a false trade description came from abroad. The wholesalers said the case itself *was* made in England, and it was upon the case only that the spurious mark had been printed. They were fined £20 and 80 guineas costs.

II

Those incidents illustrate how easily patriotic but unsuspicious buyers could be tricked. The tool case, like the gut only of violins or tennis rackets, the paint only on rocking horses, the wiring connections only of electrical apparatus, and many other shams,

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was the only portion for which Britain was responsible.

In other instances, genuine British labels are pasted over tinned or bottled footstuffs or commercial commodities before being placed on the home market.

The Cutlers' Company of Sheffield was once alarmed by the fact that more cutlery was being sold in this country bearing the Sheffield trade marks than was made in that town's factories. The Federation of British Industries found that a German firm had deliberately named its new works 'Sheffield' in order to justify the description 'Made in Sheffield.'

Whiskey distillers find themselves victimized by continental firms who copy not only the labels but the distinctive sizes and shapes of well-known brands of liquor. Here, the offenders can easily be prosecuted and their bogus trade stamped out. Abroad, the practice needs a disheartening, troublesome and expensive procedure to stop it.

Overseas, conditions are even worse than at home. The cotton trade alone is losing about £3,000,000 a year through unfair use of British trade marks by foreign competitors. The total annual loss to British trade generally is said to be £30,000,000.

Nor does the scandal stop at this. There is evidence that some of the foreign factories recently created in Great Britain are being used as a cloak to conceal the stamping and labeling of foreign-made goods with British marks.

One foreign factory, which employs only a few hands and whose head office is abroad, was found to be sending whole shiploads of manufactured iron goods to Canada. It was not possible to turn out a fraction of the amount from the factory in Britain, but all the consignments crossing the Atlantic were stamped 'Made in England.'

At the same time, many rival countries find factory room for the people who turn out plausible imitations of our well-known products and sell them in countries where English cannot be understood. In the long run, falsely labeled or marked articles greatly damage our international trade prestige, and do serious and lasting damage to our trade.

In such circumstances, one can well believe the stories of absurdities which make British travelers laugh when they see them. 'Made in Englisch,' is marked on cloth; 'Christians pudding' was evidently intended for 'Christmas pudding,' while 'England wastecoots last fashioned' appeared in the lining label used by a Belgian trader. We may be amused, but foreign buyers, not very well acquainted with our language, are swindled.

If British manufacturers are to recapture trade lost in the world slump, and the 'Buy British' campaign is to succeed, we need a thorough combing out of the manufacturers, importers and retailers who, in stooping to trade forgery, are seriously undermining the old belief of 'British is Best.'

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

BY HIS actions since the inception of the new Congress President Roosevelt has shown that the results of the November elections, far from discouraging him, have given him additional reasons for pushing ahead his major New Deal plans. A worried Chief Executive would hardly have dared to send the respective nominations of Harry Hopkins, Frank Murphy and Felix Frankfurter to the Senate for confirmation. And a worried President certainly would not have dared present so soon to the legislators a broad program for socialized medicine, with an estimated eventual cost of nearly a billion dollars a year.

The original Social Security Act called for a degree of State medicine, but the uproar it raised induced the Administration to withdraw it, waiting for a more propitious time. Shortly after the Act became law the President appointed an Interdepartmental Committee to Coördinate Health and Welfare Activities, headed by Miss Josephine Roche, to look into the matter of medical care for the poor. The committee did not make its full report until last summer, when it revealed, among other things, that unnecessary illnesses and deaths cost the nation some $10,000,000 a year, and that the country as a whole suffered from a serious lack of hospitals. It also outlined a plan extending the Federal health service to include further financial and other assistance to the states. President Roosevelt has presented this plan to the Congress, leaving it to the people's representatives to work out a specific program. Senator Wagner of New York, long a champion of socialized medicine, will probably direct the Administration forces in the debates, and the prospects of some form of communal medical care becoming a law of the land seem better now than at any time during the last ten years.

Even organized medicine has slackened its former opposition to all ideas of public medical care. The American Medical Association, in so far as Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal*, speaks for it, still refuses to give official approval, but powerful elements within the Association, including the very influential Medical Society of the State of New York, have come to feel that 'the health of the people is the direct concern of the government.'

THE official weekly publication of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, *Information Service*, reports that the total church membership in the United States is now more than 64,000,000, of whom some 52,000,000 are more than thirteen years old. The first figure represents an increase of about a million over the last statistical year. A similar increase apparently took place in the number of churches, the total now reaching nearly 250,000. The Reverend Dr. Herman C. Weber, editor of the *Yearbook of American Churches* and compiler of these statistics, seems to be happy over his findings, but a cool appraisal of them and related data raises several questions.

The population of the country runs

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to about 130,000,000. According to Dr. Weber's own figures, only half of them go to church. What of the others? Most of the 65,000,000 abstaining received religious education in their childhood. Why didn't it stick? Does their lack of religious affiliation imply that half the country is agnostic? Further, has agnosticism anything to do with good or bad citizenship? Prison statistics seem to indicate that most criminals believe in one religion or another. Finally, the available figures show that the Southern states, which have the largest church membership and the greatest number of churches in the country, also read the least number of books, have a high death rate, are bogged in illiteracy and suffer from an appalling lack of hospitalization and other medical care. How explain this condition? If Dr. Weber has satisfactory answers to these questions, he will make a real contribution to sociology by publishing them.

THEY who minimize the seriousness of the housing problem of the United States should read the report on 'Urban Housing,' compiled by Colonel F. C. Harrington, Works Progress Administrator, and made public the other day. Apparently only 40 per cent of American homes are in 'good condition,' while more than 16 per cent are 'unfit for use' or barely habitable. About 40 per cent lack central heating, 15 per cent have no private flush toilets, and 20 per cent have neither private bath nor shower. These figures deal with the country as a whole. Sectionally, they make even more depressing reading. In the Southwest 32 per cent of city dwellings lack private indoor flush toilets, while the figures for the Northwest and Northeast are 19 per cent and 12 per cent respectively. In the matter of the lack of running water the percentages run as follows: the Southwest, 15; the Northwest, 7; and the Northeast, 3.5. Some 40 per cent of Southeastern city homes have no baths or showers; in the Northwest the percentage is 21; and in the Northeast 20. As for gas or electric lighting, 25 per cent of Southeastern city homes lack it, while nearly 50 per cent have neither gas nor electric cooking equipment.

Obviously President Roosevelt did not exaggerate when he said that one-third of the nation lives in homes injurious to health and destructive of self-respect.

ON THE fourth of this month the Committee of Sponsors of the Bill of Rights Sesquicentennial Committee will meet in New York to inaugurate a nation-wide, year-long celebration of the 150th anniversary of the ratification of the Bill of Rights. The members of the committee represent nearly every economic, political and professional group in the nation, and the chairman, William Allen White, bespeaks for it a devotion to the democratic idea that can be challenged by nobody. One can hardly think of a worthier object of devotion in these times when the rights of free speech, free press, and free assembly have been violated so widely and with such strange moral unction in the Fascist, Nazi and Communist countries in Europe, Asia, and Central and South America.

The totalitarian idea, supported by foreign money, has for years tried to make inroads in the United States by way of such organizations as the Silver

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Shirts and the German-American Bunds, and by way of such individuals as Huey Long and the Reverend Gerald B. Winrod. They have been quickly exposed or made eternally silent by Providence. Their spiritual heir, Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, for a while thought he could run his municipality like a concentration camp, but two tribunals, the Federal District Court and the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, vigorously reminded him that the Constitution of the United States still means something.

The violation of civil liberties has so aroused the people that the Federal government has taken a more serious interest in their preservation than perhaps ever before. Only the other day Attorney General Frank Murphy announced the establishment of a special division in his department which will devote itself to the enforcement of civil liberties. This latter fact alone indicates the salubrious developments that have taken place, not only in the office of the Attorney General since the hysterical days of A. Mitchell Palmer, but in the temper of the country as a whole.

NEXT to the Wagner Labor and Social Security Acts the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation probably represents the most progressive piece of legislation of the Roosevelt Administration. When the bill for its establishment first made its appearance in Congress, a tremendous opposition in both Houses, aided and abetted by the more conservative economists and newspapers, tried to kill it on the grounds that it would shake the confidence of the people in the banks, would work great hardship upon the more solvent ones and in general would help bring ruin to the country. When the FDIC became a fact, these same forces waited for its speedy collapse, but the banking history of the past five years has dissipated their fears. The success of the FDIC can now be denied by no one. In its last report it pointed out that of the 61,392,000 bank deposits in the country, 98.4 per cent are now insured under the $5,000 limit set in the law creating the Corporation, and it recommended that this limit be raised to include total deposits. There seems to be no valid reason why this should not be done—or why, at least, the limit should not be raised to $10,000. Thereby more capital would flow into the banks, and above all greater confidence would be created in the nation's financial institutions. Losses from bank failures here should eventually become as rare as in England and Canada, and nothing could bring that about more quickly than complete insurance.

THE daily press made little to-do about a recent executive order of the President creating a Federal real estate board, but its possible effects may be enormous. For one thing, the board may prevent the recurrence of Teapot Dome and similar scandals, and for another it will have the power of safeguarding the vast resources of the national government. Few people seem to know that about 20 per cent of the United States land area belongs to the government, the Federal holdings varying from one commonwealth to another, running from 82 per cent in Nevada to 1/10 of 1 per cent in Iowa. These holdings include grazing lands, forests, game refuges and parks, and beneath some of them, in all probability, can be found huge min-

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eral and oil reserves. The board consists of one representative from each of the following departments: Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce, Interior, Justice, Navy and War, and also one each from the TVA and the Bureau of the Budget, in this way assuring to the people protection for whatever wealth may be hidden in their land.

THE refusal of the Senate to confirm the President's appointment of Floyd H. Roberts as a Federal judge in Virginia, solely, it seems, because Mr. Roosevelt did not take the advice of Senators Glass and Byrd of the same state, brings up again the whole matter of judicial appointments. The Constitution gives the President the right to appoint only Supreme Court judges. Article II, Section 2, reads in part as follows:—

> The President . . . shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint . . . judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law. But the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

According to the present procedure, the President appoints all Federal judges, for the District and Circuit as well as Supreme Court, who are later confirmed or refused confirmation by the Senate. In actual practice this often means that the President, when seeking a likely person to nominate for a Federal judgeship in a particular state, calls for the two Senators from that state to make recommendations. Usually an appointment made from among such recommendations is confirmed by the Upper House out of courtesy. But the judge who so obtains his position is naturally beholden to the Senators who recommended him, and there is always the chance, human nature being what it is, of his being 'influenced,' however vaguely and indirectly, though the record of the Federal bench on the whole in this regard has been laudable.

For years legal students have sought a way out of any possible political 'influence' on the Federal bench. Perhaps the remedy most persuasively suggested has been the appointment of District judges by the Conference of Judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, whose impartiality, competence and scholarship have won wide professional respect. The appointment of Circuit Court judges could remain with the President as now, since the possibilities of 'influence' in that court are probably at a minimum. The Congress has the right, according to the Constitution, to regulate the appointments of all 'inferior' judges in any way it sees fit, and it can always retain the final power of confirmation, as it should.

—C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Gentlemen's Agreement

(*Scene I: Railway station in Rome. Chamberlain enters.*)

CHAMBERLAIN: Hello, Duce.

IL DUCE: (*pretending to be surprised*) Ecco! Old Chamberlain himself. What good wind brings you here?

CHAMBERLAIN: Oh, I was just passing by.

IL DUCE: What about having lunch together?

(*Scene II: At Palazzo Venezia*)

CHAMBERLAIN: You were saying, old man?

IL DUCE: I? Nothing.

CHAMBERLAIN: Forgive me. I thought you were just about to make a proposition.

IL DUCE: Ah!

CHAMBERLAIN: Oh!

IL DUCE: As a matter of fact, you were speaking of Tuni. . . .

CHAMBERLAIN: That is an admirable picture you have there.

IL DUCE: It is my picture as Cæsar.

CHAMBERLAIN: As for the Balear . . .

IL DUCE: (*Approaching the window*) What do you think of this view?

CHAMBERLAIN: Simply splendid.

(*After this exchange of views, they rest*)

(*Scene III: At the railway station*)

CHAMBERLAIN: (*Boarding the train*) I am simply delighted.

IL DUCE: The pleasure was all mine.

CHAMBERLAIN: If one day you should happen to pass through London, stop by to see me.

IL DUCE: Naturally.

(*Whistle. The train begins to move*)

CHAMBERLAIN: *A rivederci.*

IL DUCE: Goodby.

CHAMBERLAIN: (*His hands at his mouth like a megaphone*) Oh, I forgot. Then it's all settled about Spain!

(*The train disappears.*)

—Treno in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

So Stubborn

The Peking-Hankow railway has been cut off: China's artery is severed. A red-blooded animal would have died, but not the amoeba that China is.

—*Yomiuri*, Tokyo

Woodman, Spare That Tree!

The manufacture of cloth from wood pulp—and every German has to have some proportion of staple fibre in what he wears—has long been a source of humor in Germany. The latest of these jokes is about the bill said to have been sent by a tailor for the delivery of a new suit recently. The contents of the bill read:

For felling trees for cloth	50	marks
For removing the branches	10	"
For planing and staining raw material	10	"
Jackets sawn and nailed together	30	"
Lapels screwed together, including hinges	25	"
Collar polished	7	"
Trousers planed and polished	30	"
Buttonholes (punched by termites)	10	"
Pockets punched in	10	"
Wages for assembly of the whole	5	"
Total	187	"

At the bottom of the bill was the following note:—'Should the suit start budding in the spring, please keep the buds for patching.'

—*Manchester Guardian*

Latins Are Lousy Poets

In South America 'nationalism' is still exuberant, luxuriant, a generous, unargumentative emotion, unconfined by dogma. Once I was in the Argentine town of Santa Fé on the national holiday. Early, as I lay in bed, I heard music. The schoolchildren were singing, not the aggressive National Anthem, but:—

In the sky,
the stars;
In the country,
the thorn-trees;
In the middle of my breast
(pause) *la República Argentina!*

—*Latin-American World*, London

Russians on Food!

. . . She took out a small loaf of bread, covered with a marvelously brittle crust of dark gold. It was like a bride's pillow, plump and luxurious, breathing as smoothly as a woman's

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breast. She opened the knife and plunged it into the coppery armor that immediately emitted an adorable crunchy sound. Crumbs, plump and yellow like small chicks, scattered away from the knife and the porous, tender loaf settled down on the plate like a corpulent Don Juan accustomed to admiration.

. . . The woman unveiled the cloth and extracted a piece of lard, smooth, rosy-pearl lard, gleaming like a child's cheek in the noon-day sun. She cut a long, transparent slice. It swayed on the knife like a large, succulent petal, emitting a fatty fragrance.

. . . Tatiana was quiet, as if waiting for something. Her strong teeth ringingly crunched on sugar that melted on her tongue, whistling and chirping like a nightingale.

—From *Tea Drinking*, a Russian novel by Anna Karavayeva

Goebbels Over Holland

A family in Amsterdam employing a German servant girl found in her room a questionnaire from the German Consulate. It asked, among others, the following questions:—

1. The name and birthplace of the girl.
2. Whether she was Aryan or not.
3. The name of her employer.
4. Whether her employer was Aryan or not.
5. The name and address of her employer.
6. Whether her employer and his family were pro-German or not.
7. What were the subjects of their conversations.
8. The names of visitors frequenting her employer's home, etc.

Reprisals in the best German manner were threatened in case the questionnaire was not answered.

—A letter to the *Haagsche Post*

Heights of Diplomacy

It is now definitely proved that Hitler is a better diplomat than the ex-Kaiser. Wilhelm probably never even dreamed of proposing that the World War be averted by giving Serbia to Austria and Belgium to Germany.

—*Pravda*, Moscow

The Germans Take Over

The German Government has informed Prague that Czecho-Slovakia will have to give up all objects of historic and artistic value which have a 'German character.' A tentative list of these objects drawn up in Berlin seems to contain about 60 per cent of all valuable objects which are at present exhibited in Czecho-Slovakian museums.

—*Pesti Napolo*, Budapest

Second Valentino

Anthony Eden, the darling of America's film world, the most kissable idol of American flappers and elderly matrons, has once more become an ascending star on England's political stage.

—A Reuter Dispatch

The Best Turn Up!

The Nordic Nose! Conceded by the cultured and artistic to be the nose without flaw. Seen in profile, its delicate refined lines express distinction.

—Advertisement in the *Bystander*, London

It Can't Happen There!

The film *Free Thaelmann*, made by Montagu and Brunel some three or four years ago, was rejected by the Board, first under the clause forbidding the depiction of the lives of well-known criminals and then, on the makers' replying that Thaelmann had been in jail for three years without trial, as likely to wound the susceptibilities of a friendly nation; for, said the Board, such a thing could not happen in a civilized country.

—*Manchester Guardian*

Book-of-the-Month

The National Book Association was founded in 1937 to give its members important new books that have a sound, moderate and non-revolutionary aspect of the day affecting their daily life and welfare . . . N.B. The next choice is Hitler's *Mein Kampf*.

—Advertisement by the National Book Association, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Epitaph of a Newspaper

By Theodor Wolff

From the *Manchester Guardian*

FOR six years the *Berliner Tageblatt* lived on under the new régime, grievously ailing and in mental decay; now, almost the last of the German newspapers which in the past were Democratic or Liberal, it has come to an end. Only one remaining pillar from the democratic past still stands —the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. As one who worked forty-four years with the *Tageblatt*, twelve of them as its Paris correspondent and more than twenty-five as its editor, I should like to devote a short obituary to the paper.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* was founded in 1871 by Rudolf Mosse. I think of him still as one of the sturdiest and the most striking figures of the Liberal middle class of the Germany of his time, a class now totally extinct. The *Tageblatt* was at first a paper devoted only to Berlin readers, but Dr. Artur Levysohn, its witty and very able editor, who had caught the spirit of Viennese journalism, set out to secure the best writers of the day for the literary section of his paper. The *Tageblatt* was more successful with its literary than its political side, though its rather colorless politics did not save Dr. Levysohn from having to go to prison for some weeks on a charge of defamation of Bismarck. Thereafter this good man wore with humorous pride, until the very end of his unresting service of the paper, the linen jacket he had worn in prison—the robe of honor of the independent journalist.

It is unpleasant to have to write of oneself, but how can I help it in this connection? As Paris correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* I was for a time at variance with the editorial board, for I opposed, against its wish, Bülow's and Holstein's unfortunate Morocco policy, and, knowing exactly what was the real truth about Dreyfus, at every trial of whom I was present, I stood out in support of his innocence while the board believed him to be a traitor.

After I succeeded Levysohn, the rather vaguely liberal *Berliner Tageblatt* changed its usual policy and became a strongly democratic organ. We actively opposed the pre-War home and foreign policy of the Emperor William II, of Prince Bülow, and of Bethmann-Hollweg, and above all the naval rivalry with Great Britain. In July, 1914, I tried day by day, but without success, to dissuade the Foreign Ministry from pursuing a policy which was making straight for war. After the collapse in 1918 I fought, without success, against the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, the disastrous results of which, for future peace, for Europe and for the newborn German Republic, could be clearly foreseen.

During the war the *Berliner Tageblatt* was suspended five or six times, for varying periods, because Ludendorff and the military censorship were annoyed by my articles against the annexationist appetite of the heavy industry, against the unrestricted submarine warfare and against nationalist excesses. Once the paper was suppressed absolutely *sine die*, a step that might have amounted to its destruction and that would inevitably have robbed the great mass of our workers and employees of their daily bread. I only saved the situation by expressing my readiness to write nothing more for several months.

A week after the Revolution the German Democratic party was founded at the office of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. I left the party later, when many of its members voted for a restriction of the freedom of the press. Dr. Schacht was one of the

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founders of the party; its creation had become necessary because the Liberal middle class was entirely bewildered and needed an organization on which to depend and round which to gather, and also because it was desirable that it should not be left to the Catholic Center party and the Social Democrats to have the sole say in the drafting of the Republican Constitution. I drew up the announcement of the creation of the party and the election manifesto for the National Assembly. On a Sunday in January, 1919, Liebknecht's Spartacists occupied our paper's big premises, and when I hurried there, and, with a few sailors, got into the building to negotiate with the leaders, I found my fine proclamation and manifesto piled in the street in mountainous bonfires.

Under the Republic we were not again threatened from the Left but only from the Right, and much more seriously. Italian Fascism has made use of the slogan, '*Periculosamente vivere*—Live dangerously;' I may say without exaggeration that I often had opportunities, long before Hitler's arrival, of sampling this mode of enjoyment of life.

I have always been sceptical about the influence of a Liberal newspaper in Germany. It extended to certain groups of the population, intellectuals and those who did not want to be behind Western European ideas; but the far wider public that simply had no desire for freedom and independence, and had a thoroughly vague conception of the rights of man, remained untouched. We naturally made mistakes: at times, for instance, we felt bound to support Governments for which we had no love in order to defeat the worst enemies of the State. But even if we had never made a mistake, we should have been carrying on a hopeless campaign, since our views reached only a minority.

Immediately after the Reichstag fire and the so-called election in which the Hitler régime was definitely proclaimed, our elevator-boy donned the uniform of a Storm Trooper; it turned out that he had long been keeping an eye on us and was a National Socialist 'platoon leader,' or something of the sort.

Now this man, unless he has been advanced to some high administrative post in the official hierarchy, is conveying the gloomy figures of the last of the editorial staff down below, and unloading them there. Some of them may have been poor fellows of the stamp of the Exciseman under James II who had 'fourteen reasons for obeying his Majesty's commands—a wife and thirteen children.' To these unfortunates we may well grant our forgiveness as they descend silently into the valley of oblivion.

A Happier Magic Mountain

AN INTERESTING example of the application of psychology for the cure of tuberculosis is described by Anna Plienginger in *Pester Lloyd*. The idea of a tubercular sanatorium is always connected with the tense, hopeless atmosphere prevailing in Mann's *Magic Mountain*, where patients are constantly in a state of unhealthy preoccupation with themselves. Dr. Louis C. Vauthier, a Swiss physician, has tried to do away with this condition by means of an ambitious project—the Sanatorium Universitaire. During his research on tuberculosis he soon realized what a blessing it would be if the patients could be distracted from their own state of health. Finally the idea came to him of giving students and professors who were in a curable stage of the illness an opportunity to continue their studies. He was convinced that it would fill them with courage and confidence and help them to believe that in the near future they might again become useful members of human society. This idea finally found expression in the Sanatorium Universitaire.

The Sanatorium Universitaire, located at Leysin, is a resort in the Swiss Alps. To reach it, one must take the road that leads past Lausanne and the sunny shore of the Geneva Lake through the Rhone

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Valley. At Aigle a cog-wheel railway running through a smaller valley takes the visitor up to the Leysin plateau—a beautiful spot surrounded by green pastures and dark forests, 4,500 feet above sea level.

It began as a small sanatorium of only twenty beds as early as 1920, but it soon proved to be inadequate. It was remodeled, expanded, yet was always filled to capacity. By now more than 700 professors and students from forty-two countries have regained their health in this institution.

Contrary to the treatments in most homes of this kind, where absolute quiet is required, the patients are given a great deal of freedom. Dr. Vauthier and his associates have completely eliminated the usual 'sanatorium atmosphere.' Here every one is immediately imbued with the happy feeling of belonging to a useful community, a large family. Practically all the patients are permitted unlimited working time. This method has achieved unusually good results. Dr. Vauthier himself speaks of it as follows:—

'The influence of mental occupation upon the cure was surprising. It could be felt in many ways and the quiet, regular work, during specified hours, has not harmed anyone; on the contrary, it was a real blessing. It has given the patients a more healthy mentality, and saved them from neuroses and demoralization.'

Students and faculty members all over Switzerland helped Dr. Vauthier to realize his scheme by generous contributions. The Sanatorium Universitaire possesses a select, very comprehensive library. The radio and music, in particular, play an important part. Many musicians come to the sanatorium to give concerts.

Dr. Vauthier's latest plan, recently submitted to the Swiss Government, concerns a great International University Sanatorium. The Government responded immediately, became the honorary sponsor and placed 500,000 francs at his disposal. The community of Leysin itself offered, free of charge, a marvelous piece of land for the scheme, in a beautiful surrounding of meadows and forests, and with a magnificient view.

The plans, by the Swiss architect George Epitaux, are now completed. There is space for 208 beds and the equipment includes the latest sanitary, medical and surgical implements. Besides the library there is an auditorium, twelve studios, five laboratories, etc. The patients' fees include medical treatment, radiography, studying facilities and attendance of lectures by professors from all over the world.

The Swiss Government has approached all European Governments through diplomatic channels and submitted this plan, asking for subscriptions. The endowment will be under the supervision of the Federal Government, which has asked all other governments to appoint committees; they are to raise funds and to insure the international character of the scheme. Thus every country may become, by subscription, the owner of one or more beds (the price is 25,000 francs per bed) and may then decide who is to occupy them. Small contributions are used for 'free beds.' Many countries have already endorsed the scheme and many more are expected to back it in the future.

China's Schools in Ruins

By A. R. Radcliffe-Brown

From the *Times*, London

At the beginning of the present Japanese invasion of China there were in that country (exclusive of the three north-eastern provinces now renamed Manchukuo) 113 institutions of higher learning. There were 47 universities, 35 colleges and 31 professional schools. In the summer of last year a preliminary survey was made by the Library Association of China of the condition of these institutions. At that time 82 of the total 113 were in war or occupied areas, and 54 of these had been destroyed or very seriously damaged by

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the Japanese. Six only of the 82 were known to be still carrying on work, though in some instances with reduced enrollment, under European or American protection.

The work of destruction began on July 29 and 30, 1937, when the buildings of the Nankai University and four other institutions of learning at Tientsin were razed to the ground and the valuable collection of books and manuscripts reduced to ashes. The destruction was deliberate, first by means of bombs and then by soaking the buildings in kerosine and setting fire to them. The professors and students of Nankai have for many years contributed valuable studies in aid of the economic reconstruction of China, and such activities are among those defined by the invaders as anti-Japanese and therefore to be rigorously repressed.

In Peking, which has for a long time been the chief university center of China, were located five of the 17 national universities. These have been occupied and looted by the Japanese soldiers. Many of the teachers and students have fortunately been able to escape from Peking and take up their work elsewhere, but they could not take their libraries and laboratories with them. Three foreign-owned private universities continue their work, though under very difficult conditions.

In Shanghai the damage done to two national universities, five private universities, one national college and seven private colleges is estimated at over £1,000,000. In Nanking the most serious loss was the looting of the Sinological Library, which was one of the most valuable collections of Chinese books in the world, and contained much that is irreplaceable. Another very severe loss to Chinese learning was the concentrated attack of 27 Japanese bombers on the National University of Hunan in Changsha, and on the Tsing Hua University, which had set itself up there after moving from Peking. The immensely valuable library, one of the finest in China and containing much that can never be replaced, was completely destroyed.

At Soochow the University Colleges of Arts and Sciences have been damaged and are occupied by Japanese soldiers; the buildings of the University College of Law have been entirely destroyed and the library loss alone is £16,500. The Christian College at Hangchow was burned to the ground by Japanese troops.

Other colleges and libraries, too numerous to name, have come under the Japanese sword. This short and incomplete survey was made last summer. Since then Wuchang and Canton have been occupied by the Japanese, and the educational institutions there have been abandoned. In brief, omitting the professional schools, there were in the whole of China 47 universities and 35 colleges, and these, for the whole country, have now been reduced to 11 universities and six colleges.

In spite of the enormous difficulties with which they are faced, the Chinese people are making heroic efforts to rebuild their institutions of learning in the western provinces. Many universities and colleges are trying to take up again the broken threads of their work at various places in the uninvaded region. But meanwhile all these refugee universities in the West have to do without proper buildings, without laboratories, and without the libraries that have been looted or destroyed by the invaders of their country.

In the occupied areas the Japanese are introducing a new educational system in which English and other European languages are eliminated and replaced by Japanese, which is made compulsory. The older universities are the centers of resistance to the Japanese. Not till the last of them has been finally destroyed will the conquest of China be completed.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Æsthete and Anarchist

L'Équinoxe de Septembre. *By Henri de Montherlant. Paris: Grasset. 1938.*

Lettre aux Paysans sur la pauvreté et la paix. *By Jean Giono. Paris: Grasset. 1938.*

(Léon Pierre-Quint in *Lumière*, Paris)

IT IS perhaps a significant coincidence that two books about the imminent war, by writers whose natures are so profoundly dissimilar, should appear at the same time. Jean Giono and Henri Montherlant seem to take entirely opposed positions in regard to recent events. What separates them is more than their political faith; it is the conception of life itself. For Montherlant, life can only be precious, intense and beautiful—or at the very least, bearable—during those rare moments when the individual is under the illusion that he is escaping a humdrum existence either through a courageous action in which he risks his life, or through the extremity of passion, or perhaps by means of drugs.

For Giono, 'it is easy to live.' His concept of life is an optimistic one. 'There are no heroes,' he says. 'The dead are immediately forgotten.' He admits that heroism is a synonym for the desire for glory and immortality, that the hero tastes a moment of profound joy in the midst of the heroic act. But he prefers another form of life. He prefers a man 'who is content to live out his days at leisure,' one who finds his happiness in every-day existence, in natural and pleasant work close to the soil, in the balanced happiness of family life.

On the political plane the two books are even more removed from each other, although they sometimes startle the reader with unexpected analogies. Montherlant heatedly reproaches the French masses for their absence of reaction, their bleating pacifism. Giono reproaches them eloquently for their incredible resignation before the imminent butchery of war. The two books are less records than they are cries of revolt against the passive, sluggish masses. Each of them tells his bitter truth to his own particular public: Montherlant, the aristocrat, harangues the bourgoisie, Giono, the peasant writer, speaks to the peasants.

Both men reflect more or less accurately the present-day confusion. In that sense their books go beyond the framework of their immediate subject. The civilization of today is strange to them; they consider it from above, with detached aloofness. They hunger after solitude. Giono wants to cultivate his garden and Montherlant his ego. Both condemn the modern times. Montherlant longs after the fabulous days of mythological antiquity, and Giono tries to revive the estate of the noble savage, already idealized by Rousseau. In their work both emerge as fierce individualists, anarchists, revolting against a society that is beginning to take on the aspect of an anthill. Montherlant confines himself to remaining a moralist, observing with a keen eye across space and time the relativity of human attitudes. Giono cherishes the dream of being a social reformer, creating again a pastoral anarchistic State.

L'Équinoxe de Septembre is one of the most remarkable essays ever written by Montherlant. It is really a collection of fragments, welded into unity by notes, introductions and significant subtitles. Though attached to his country, he chides it, jeering at its 'milliner's morale.' Peace is not achieved by prayers. It is possible only as a result of respect for power. To believe in nothing but peace, to base everything upon it, to cry peace, peace—to him it is nothing but a glorified and futile Coué method. Montherlant speaks

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of the terrible subject of war without hesitation or apprehension, with a sort of disdainful detachment. He is not worried about its coming. There will always be wars, and he accepts that fact.

For him it won't mean the end of the world but, at the most, the end of a civilization. In that case, another civilization will take its place. And Montherlant has no particular liking for the present-day one, which seems to him mechanical, mediocre, bourgeois and oriented toward a flat and desolate collectivism. This explains his indifference to the values around him. He does not believe in the idea of progress, but in every individual fashioning his life as if it were a masterpiece. His æstheticism, however, is relieved by a remarkable sense of reality. He is difficult to contradict, because he is never dogmatic. Perhaps he could be opposed on the emotional plane, but although he despises our times, he loves life, and for this, those who are irritated by his frankness will forgive him much.

The Extraordinary Profession

History of the Film. *By Maurice Bardèche and Robert Brasillach. Translated and edited by Iris Barry. London: Allen and Unwin. 1938.*

(Graham Greene in the *Spectator*, London)

DID you know that talkies were exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900; that American movie producers opened their studios in California only so as to escape process-servers and be able to disappear over the Mexican border at a moment's notice; that Charlie Chaplin began by wearing a forked beard and Harold Lloyd was first known as Lonesome Luke; that *The Italian Straw Hat* was Clair's *sixth* film; that in the uncensored version of *Shoulder Arms* the Allies gave Charlie Chaplin a banquet after his capture of the Kaiser 'and the King of England creeps up and sneaks a button off his uniform as a souvenir;' did you know. . . ? One could go on a long while recounting the information, astonishing and bizarre, contained in this history book.

But their account of what the authors rightly call an 'extraordinary profession' has higher merits; it is well and wittily written; rare quality in books on the film; the authors don't take their subject too seriously, and no one before them has evoked so delicately and delightfully the world of the early film before the industry had developed along monstrous lines. We read of *Bathing Beach* in 1895 (a critic wrote of 'the marvelous realism of an unmistakably genuine ocean'), and of little pictures of M. Lumière's home life. 'Beside a pool in the garden, Mme. Lumière, in a tussore dress with a polka-dot bodice and a sailor hat tilted over her forehead, fishes for goldfish with a roguish air. Under an arbor at the end of the garden, Auguste Lumière and his friend Mr. Trewey play piquet and drink their beer.' Who could have foreseen from these honest beginnings the epics of Mr. de Mille and the publicized malapropisms of Mr. Goldwyn?

As a history of the film, the book contains many errors—the editor corrects some of them in footnotes. A distortion is due to the date (1935) when it was written, before the resurrection of the French film, but most mistakes can be put down to lack of English (a handicap when writing of talkies) and to the quota limits of the authors' knowlege. The English cinema is completely ingored; the name of the pioneer, Friese-Greene, seems unknown to patriots who dwell lovingly on Lumière, and the work of Grierson, Balcon, Victor Savile, Hitchcock receives no notice. Granted that we rank a long way after America, France, Germany and Russia, could not room have been found for us with Norway, Holland and Denmark?

As criticism, we may sometimes quarrel with the authors' predilection for the artistic and the literary, which makes them value Lang's *Nibelungen* over his *M*

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(though I hardly think it is the duty of their editor to 'put them right' in dogmatic footnotes), but as a record of the French cinema—and of the silent film generally—the book is admirable. Their quick surrealist-trained eye picks out the vivid detail, their comparisons—like that of Abel Gance with Victor Hugo—are illuminating, and they write with candor and *panache:* take their verdict on de Mille's huge cliché-crowded talent—'He shares with the Italian film-producers the responsibility of having been the spiritual ally of the financiers.'

In some ways it is a sad book—a record of wasted opportunities, of debauched talents, of fine hopes dwindling down to a million dollars, and many readers will feel sympathy for the authors' lament at the end of the classic silent age:—

> Even today it is questionable whether it is possible to love the film sincerely unless one knew it in the silent days, in those last years which are inseparable from the days of one's youth. The Germans, the Russians, the French, the Americans and the Swedes had etched unforgettable shadows on the screen. . . . The faces of men and women had learned to be expressive in those mute dramas by the aid of no more than an eyelid, the flicker of a glance. . . . We demanded emotions and dreams, passion and suffering, and felt no need for words. . . . Those actors, so well adapted to express subtleties, those plots which were of necessity so clear and so brief, may all be forgotten in the future. But we who witnessed the birth of an art may possibly also have seen it die.

News to Australia

PRESS, RADIO AND WORLD AFFAIRS. *By W. Macmahon Ball. Melbourne: Melbourne University Press. 1938.*

(From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle,* Kobe)

THE outstanding fact that emerges from this interesting survey of the Australian press and radio in its relation to world affairs is the deep-rooted feeling of dependence on the United Kingdom apparent in the Dominion at sight of any international crisis. It is a reaction that has come to be the despair of many intelligent Australians who, while no means anxious to sever the bonds of Empire, believe—with much reason to support them—that it is time Australia had a foreign policy of her own. It is at least very obviously true that in Pacific affairs, and particularly as regards relations with Japan, it is not possible for Australian interests to be identified absolutely with those of the United Kingdom.

Naturally there is a rough coincidence of principles, and probably there will always be in Australia a readiness to support the main lines of British policy if only because the opinions and susceptibilities of Dominion Governments are given more and more weight in Downing Street. But within these main boundaries there is room for considerable divergence, and it is right that Australia should exercise the freedom of choice that is often open to the Commonwealth Government.

The trouble is that the Australian public, though served by a free press, is kept singularly ill-informed. Almost the whole of Australia's news comes from British sources, and consequently retains a British bias. A closer interest in international affairs on the part of the average Australian would no doubt speedily produce a corrective influence; in the meantime there is no apparent intention on the part of any paper to plunge into the costly business of an independent news service and the stationing abroad of special correspondents who would interpret world events from an Australian angle.

It is a curious fact that most of Australia's news from the Far East reaches press desks only after an exhausting journey to London. The principal cable news service is that of the Australian Press Association, which in a twelve month period ending June, 1937, cabled an average of between 27,000 and 28,000 words a week. About 20,000 words came from the London office, culled from the main British and European services.

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Another 3,200 words a week came from the British Official Wireless, and 3,300 from New York, leaving the magnificent total of 900 words a week from the rest of the world. There are reasons for this, of course. London is a logical clearing house, and it costs only a fifth as much to send a telegram from London to Australia as it does from Japan. The misfortune is that it is always the London angle that secures prominence. Mr. Ball, in his opening chapter, goes very fully into this factor and clearly makes the point that Australians are entitled to something better.

Whether they will get it is another matter. The London angle on test cricket has long been unacceptable—hence the ship loads of special correspondents regurgitated at Lord's—but unfortunately matters of international moment do not have quite the same fascination for Sydney and Melbourne as do the exploits of Bradman and O'Reilly.

And then there is the Dominion Government, always prepared to be horrified at any intelligent display of interest. Mr. Ball quotes an altogether remarkable appeal by the Minister for Defense (Mr. Thorby) at the time of Mr. Eden's resignation Mr. Thorby asked:—

'all loyal Australians to refrain from entering into controversy through the press, over the air, or from public platforms, on the present delicate international situation. . . .'

The two questions that occur to Australians today in regard to Japan, Mr. Ball writes, are the threat Japanese manufactures supposedly contain to the Australian standard of living, and the fear that Japan may become involved in war with Australia or the British Empire. It is upon these two questions that Australian newspapers have 'sought to form public opinion in a rather definite manner.'

The fact is, of course, that political and Imperial considerations weigh more than the economic. That has been demonstrated time and time again. Mr. Ball sums it up when he notes the widespread conviction that Australia controls her own fiscal policy only as long as she retains her political security, and that this security depends upon the protective military strength of Britain. If Australia wants Britain to protect her she must be loyal, 'and in practice loyalty to Britain means giving support to British foreign policy. To criticize British foreign policy is to divide the Empire . . . and to weaken the Empire is to undermine Australia's own security.'

It is a loyalty that must be undergoing its severest test today. Certainly, if it stands Mr. Chamberlain, it will stand anything.

Jewish Picaresque

Mangeclous. *By Albert Cohen. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1938.*

(Marcel Pagnol in *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

ALBERT COHEN has done his race a great service in writing his two masterpieces, *Solal* and *Mangeclous*. The first one, published a few years ago, commanded the attention of the whole world, and its author was hailed as one of the masters of the contemporary novel. Even as late as March, 1933, a few months after the advent of Hitler, the *Vossische Zeitung* characterized this novel as a 'work of genius and the fruit of the most creative and profound inspiration'—a significant tribute from a land where anti-Semitism is rife.

Mangeclous, a sequel to *Solal*, does not quite fit into the category of a novel. Rather, it is a comical burlesque of an epic, dealing with five Jews from Cephalonia who one morning leave their enchanted isle in sunny Greece to go frolicking off to Geneva. They have many marvelous adventures, which the author describes with remarkable animation and charm. These five characters that travel together to the end of the book are the true embodiments of the Jewish soul. There is Uncle Saltiel, a small, neat old man, beaming with kindness and good-

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natured malice. He seems so sympathetic, with his hazel-colored redingote, the cluster of jasmine that he always carries with him, his old-fashioned pantaloons and white stockings. There is Solomon, an adorable and logical little simpleton. There is the conceited Michael, and the circumspect Mattathias, who always walks with lowered eyes in the hope of picking up a pocketbook somebody had lost, and whose handkerchiefs are embroidered with the prudent devise 'This is stolen from Mattathias.'

But among these characters the one who commands most affectionate attention is the admirable Mangeclous, a great comic hero, possessed of extraordinary drollery. One cannot but love this starveling, with a multitude of professions and aliases. He is a little charlatan, always dreaming of high commercial speculations, and overflowing with ridiculous eloquence, who pursues his financial and political extravagances with marvelous poise, unimpaired by the fact that he has no shoes to put on. But he retains good spirits in spite of adversity and is indefatigable in his belief that tomorrow he will be a millionaire. In reality, he is a defenseless innocent who likes to make believe that he is a great rascal, a gay neurasthenic, that is to say, a true Jew.

The lovableness of these five offsprings of the ghetto is that they still retain the traits of enchanted children. They are so sweet-tempered, so ready to be amazed, to admire and rejoice. The child-like adoration that they feel for France is touching. And how beautifully they talk, those superb chatterboxes from the Greek island of Cephalonia! Their language is a succulent mixture of almost Racine-like melodious gentility, of imaginative and exaggerated eloquence; it abounds in Oriental poetry and has a subtle, singing rhythm. They boast an inexhaustible reserve of terrible curses and insults, which neither the offender nor the insulted ever takes seriously. They are the true sons of the affectionate Mediterranean East.

And what optimism! Always expectant, never disappointed, they are ever ready to believe and hope. Although they are poor and have no definite professions, they delight in living. You will always find them ready to talk on all subjects, human and divine. They are nothing at all like the artificially created Jews one finds in certain novels. They have not been 'invented' in order to illustrate a thesis or to symbolize some aspect of the Jewish soul *ad usum gentilium*. They are just Jews, as one is a Breton, a Basque or a Parisian. Albert Cohen knows and loves them. In *Mangeclous* he presents them to us with profound tenderness. But the novel's humanity, its capacity for laughter, its verve gives it a much greater scope. Its freshness and robust simplicity remind one of the popular legends and great folk epics. Reading it, you are carried to the meager pastures of Judea, where a great fire had been made in the midst of the tents, and a nomad tribe is sitting around, listening to the story teller, a small, black shadow against the flames, telling long, oriental tales, sometimes stopping to give his opinion of the character, to explain a hyperbole, or answer a question.

Albert Cohen could have made an honorable career in writing a novel on the social life of Marseilles, Nice or Paris. He could have chosen a distinguished pseudonym such as, say, Saint Paul d'Aubignagne or Hubert de Frineuse. He did not, because he is a great writer and knows that, outside of his race, a writer can only write news or criticism, or mediocre imitations. A Jew, he has spoken to us of Jews, and out of the depth of his experience and traditions was able to produce such a masterpiece as *Mangeclous*.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

IT IS LATER THAN YOU THINK. *By Max Lerner. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. 260 pages. $2.50.*

PROFESSOR Lerner has written a brilliant tract for the times—incisive, cogent and magistral. He has the great merit of seeing the issue so clearly himself that he compels his readers to face it upon the ground that he has chosen to occupy. 'If,' he is saying, 'you want to preserve a democratic civilization, there is a price that has to be paid. You cannot go on evading its payment. You have to choose; and you must choose while history leaves you the opportunity of self determination.' The price Professor Lerner exacts is, briefly, an admission that only a collectivist society, planned in terms of production for community consumption, can save us from the grim horrors of Fascist reaction. He is against the Communist diagnosis; he rather thinks that the price it demands will stifle the end in the means employed. He seeks to retain what is vital in the highest liberal tradition; and he argues, very persuasively, that this tradition is itself constructively related to the supreme forces in American history. He sees, clearly enough, the dark forces on the horizon; but he is convinced that if we make up our minds to act with courage and decision, there is still time for democratic civilization to triumph over its enemies.

No summary can do even the barest justice to an argument that is throughout as eloquent as it is close-knit in structure. It is the work of a man who has seen the world as it is, as well as reflected upon it from an eminence. It is, moreover, a refreshing experience to have one of the three or four most promising students of American politics speak out forthrightly on the central issues of our time without any attempt to becloud the issue by concealment of assumptions and with the courage to insist upon the validity of a definite scheme of values in political thought. In England, I suppose, we should call Professor Lerner a Left-wing Fabian Socialist; in America, radicalism seems to be the genus within which he is comprised. And he is a genuine radical in two senses: first, that there is in his thinking a sturdy individualism which makes his own experience of life his supreme teacher rather than books; and, second, that he is driven by an inner urgency to confront the stark realities of a dying age without the effort, so dear to the academic mind, to see them, if at all possible, through rose-colored spectacles.

Professor Lerner would, I think, be the first to admit that his book is an essay in an attitude rather than a procedural structure. But it is, so far as my knowledge goes, one of the most heartening things that has come from an American university any time this last decade. It shows that the professors are getting away from concepts and description back to the evaluation of the real issues in dispute. Here, at least, is one who is not afraid to take sides and to argue for his side with a full mind and a full heart.

If I find some difficulty in accepting Professor Lerner's view, that is due, at least in part, to the fact that he writes as a young American while I write as a middle-aged European. I envy his optimism; I think the grounds upon which he builds it more slender than he is likely to admit. In the light of the Roosevelt experience I doubt whether the coöperation for which he looks is available in the time at America's disposal. I do not deny the immense educational training Americans have reserved these last six years in the idea of the positive State; all in all, that is perhaps the most remarkable of Mr. Roosevelt's achievements. My difficulty is to understand how, in these next years, Professor Lerner proposes to weld into a fighting unity the forces of progress in America.

I think, further, that he exaggerates the volume of good will there is here on the democratic side; and that he tends to underestimate the power of propaganda to fractionalize, and so dissipate, the integrated authority of that volume. I do not easily see the abdication of the great industrial empires in America before the challenge of the common man. I am dubious about the chance of adequate institutional reconstruction to give to the positive state in America the instrumentalities of which it has need. I fear, in a word, that Professor Lerner's book is an essay in the optative mood. It is a noble essay—persuasive and challenging. But I should want a good deal more historical proof than he adduces to show that America is now so different from the Old World as to

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give the forces of democracy here a qualitatively different opportunity from what they possess in Europe.

I hope Professor Lerner is right. If his insights become justified by the event a new and rich epoch will open in the history of mankind. If they become justified—there lies the essence of the problem. To become justified, all who care for their realization must unite together now, Socialist and Communist, C.I.O. and A.F. of L., La Follette progressives and men like Mayor La Guardia. 1940 draws terribly near. What is Professor Lerner's map of America after four years of reaction in the White House—whether from a Republican or a Democrat? I wish he would go on from the point where he leaves off to justify his faith. He has written so exhilarating a challenge to those who, like myself, retain little faith in the power of reason to prevail, that I should have liked, not merely this noble profession of faith, but the evidence that would have entitled me to share it.

—HAROLD J. LASKI

THE OXFORD ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. *Edited by William Rose Benét and Norman Holmes Pearson. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1938. 1705 pages. $6.00.*

MESSRS. Benét and Pearson say in the preface that 'there has been no effort to be all-inclusive, and no timidity in adjusting selections to valuations now generally accepted. . . . These are the works that have interested literary figures of our own time, and through them the reader may understand that literature is a versatile and ever-changing art.' This statement of critical attitude—or lack of one—hamstrings the reviewer with strong literary prejudices of his own. Arguing with a pair of anthologists who admit everything beforehand makes little sense. Fortunately, their volume represents so catholic a taste that probably few specialists will find much to carp at, and most general readers will find much to delight them. All the memorable colonials, from Thomas Morton and Samuel Sewall to Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, have their say here, as do all the prime Revolutionary 'firebrands' from Thomas Paine to John Trumbull, and all the chief Knickerbocker literary lions and the giants of the New England Golden Age. Edgar Allan Poe, Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman, still the nation's first three poets, get ample representation, as do such later writers of varying quality and influence as Sidney Lanier, Mark Twain, John Banister Tabb, Stephen Crane, Edwin Markham, Ambrose Bierce, Henry Adams, Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser. Coming down to contemporary times, hardly anybody of real significance can show cause for complaint, though one wonders about the editors' reason for omitting Van Wyck Brooks, our only literary critic of continental size. With the exception of this and a few other caveats, the present anthology compares favorably with similar compilations, and probably contains more material. The biographical commentaries, bibliographies, and two indices add to its value.

As one ponders the sweep of American literature from its earliest beginnings down to our own day, one must admit that the New England Golden Age still remains our only literary age, since for more than fifty years it produced a continual stream of ponderable works, at least a score of which will probably glorify the national culture for hundreds of years. Further, and more importantly, in that era and in that locality, writing, possibly for the only time in our annals thus far, commanded a true general respect and demanded a discipline and a philosophical maturity without both of which nothing printed can hope to outlast the quick corrosion of the atmosphere.

Writing then represented a sort of priesthood. Hawthorne and Melville and Thoreau and even the more practical Emerson, true enough, had to struggle for their cod and beans—as their like usually have to in all ages—but the artisans and the money-changers felt such inferiority in their presence that they almost instinctively doffed their hats. Aside from creative work, even learning enjoyed at least a social priority. Theodore Parker and William Ellery Channing had the pick of the Beacon Hill salons, and ordinary people carrying books on the Boston Common did not have to answer the question as to whether they were still going to school. This spirit possessed the men and women of the time deeply and persistently. Creative authorship then meant more than reproducing an overheard conversation or changing the pronouns in a tale told by one's eccentric aunt. It meant a profound attitude toward God and man, depicted convincingly and transcribed imaginatively by way of a group of experiences emotionally

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bought and paid for. Writers thus had to be men and women of size.

Today, alas, size seems to have left the greater part of the American writing world. Little whines have taken the place of pervasive sighs for the ways of Providence, and trivial piques have displaced the great bewildering questions concerning good and evil. Perhaps the only writers of our time with size in the immemorial sense are Dreiser and O'Neill, and possibly also Wolfe and Hemingway. Their works abound in imperfections of craftsmanship and intellectual as well as emotional callowness, but they are also heavy laden with the tears of living and weighted with moral judgments upon the entire scheme of things. This fact assures them long remembrance in our history. When others of their stature will arise in our midst only the good Lord knows.

—CHARLES ANGOFF

THE SCHOOL FOR DICTATORS. *By Ignazio Silone. Translated from the Italian by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1938. 336 pages. $2.50.*

THIS book should particularly appeal to the American reader since it consists of fifteen dialogues between Thomas the Cynic, an informed political exile living in Zurich, and two Americans, Mr. W., future dictator of the United States, and his expert political guide, Professor Pickup, father of Neo-Sociology, which is based upon the principle that 'Man is Man and Society is Society.' This movement, which has suffered a temporary setback, is expected to culminate in the March to Washington and the seizure of the White House. In the meantime, the two gentlemen are touring Europe for political study. They have visited the spots hallowed by all the great dictators and now, besides their memories, they are taking back to America twelve cases of books on ancient and modern dictatorships.

But before embarking, they go to Zurich to discuss with Thomas the Cynic, Silone's mouthpiece, the following problems: Who are these much-talked of dictators? How did they come to power? How did they consolidate themselves? And above all, what have we to learn from their experiences? These are the main topics of a lively, learned and witty discussion of dictatorship, substantiated by events both old and recent which have taken place in Italy and Germany.

For years the democracies have offered the most fertile ground to Fascist propagandists who have presented Fascism as a panacea to all evils, ranging from capitalism to Communism. This flood of propaganda has given rise to all sorts of legends. Professor Pickup and Mr. W. represent, to different degrees, the result of this systematic Fascist propaganda abroad. The clash, during the course of their conversations with Thomas, between Fascist legend and well-documented Fascist reality creates marvelously humorous situations which make the book as entertaining as it is enlightening. With the objectivity of the historian and the consummate skill of the true artist Silone reveals to the reader the stuff of which dictators and dictatorships are made.

Like Machiavelli's *The Prince*, *The School for Dictators* is a double-edged weapon. Sane, timely and brilliant, it should be meditated upon by every person who does not want it to happen here.

—MICHELE CANTARELLA

LATIN AMERICA: A BRIEF HISTORY. *By F. A. Kirkpatrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 456 pages. $3.75.*

IF, AS Mr. Kirkpatrick maintains, 'conspiracy in Latin America is a daily occupation now and governments seldom command adhesion,' it is important that we, citizens of a country with paramount interests in Latin America, understand the reason for this, as well as the general background for the present forces operating there—democracy, Fascism, Communism, economic nationalism, expropriation of oil wells, anti-Americanism and so forth. A history of Latin America would seem to be the place to find such a background; but unfortunately Mr. Kirkpatrick—like so many other writers in his field—fails to offer us a complete picture.

Most of the English-language histories on Latin America open up their view of the continent with the anti-Spanish prejudices that the freebooters of Elizabethan days firmly planted in the Anglo-Saxon mind. They see the Spanish colonial system not as a phase of the world-wide mercantile theories—in many aspects more liberal than England's—but as a peculiar product of Spanish bigotry and intolerance. They see the wars for independence

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not as the result of world-wide transformations in economic facts and beliefs but of a sudden desire for liberty on the part of viciously oppressed colonists. They subsequently ignore the geographic and economic factors that contributed to making Argentina, Bolivia, or Mexico such disparate entities of the New World. They close their eyes to the influence of international capitalism, operating from democratic countries, on the incipient democratic structure of the new republics. They see little but army officers and revolutionists. They explain Latin America in terms of racialism—Spanish blood, which they do not comprehend, plus Indian blood (which in its day produced the Incan, Mayan and Aztec empires).

Mr. Kirkpatrick's history may not merit general strictures applicable to a sizeable body of history writing. He has, it is obvious, tried hard to be objective and unbiased—so much so that he ventures few opinions of his own, offering the often biased or discredited ones of others. But his approach is fundamentally the same ancient one—and couldn't be otherwise because his book is a rehash of previous histories, with sources that are not only secondary but often tertiary and quaternary. Two or three decades ago, when the field was a pioneer one, his work might have had some value. Today we surely have a right to expect from the historian the opening up of at least a few new horizons, the bringing of a few fresh interpretations to the subject.

—Earle K. James

The Law of Treaties: British Practice and Opinions. *By Arnold Duncan McNair. New York: Columbia University Press. 1938. 578 pages. $7.50.*

WHEN international law is applied or respected, it is usually the work of foreign offices. They decide what the law is and what it demands, and their decisions reflect and mark the practice of the time and yield authoritative evidence of what the rules really are. Consequently it is of the greatest value for students of international law to be informed of the conclusions reached by foreign offices, after mature consideration, and as they find expression in memoranda or in diplomatic correspondence. Acting on these premises, the Columbia University Research in International Law has decided to formulate an inquiry as to the views of particular governments or foreign offices on a group of legal questions within a single category, and have made a start in the realm of treaties, securing an expert on international law of the highest reputation in his own country to make, under its full permission and guidance, an investigation of the evidence of its views which it is prepared to disclose.

The present work is ample justification for this experiment. One major reason is the choice of the author, for Professor McNair is one of the most distinguished international lawyers in the British empire, and, before becoming Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool, held the Whewell Professorship of International Law at Cambridge. He is also the author of widely known publications in the field, and editor of both Oppenheim's *International Law* and of the *British Year Book of International Law.*

The present volume deals with the views of the British Government on the legal principles governing the conclusion, interpretation, operation, termination and modification of international agreements as far as they can be determined after examination of United Kingdom sources. The book brings to light much valuable material formerly reposing in inaccessible archives, and is particularly timely at a time when treaties are being subjected to one of the severest tests ever experienced.

It has been claimed by the sponsors of this book that it is analogous to certain inquiries made in the United States, notably John Bassett Moore's classic, *Digest of International Law*, and Professor Charles Cheney Hyde's *International Law, Chiefly as interpreted and applied by the United States.* This assertion is not quite correct, for Moore's *Digest* purports to cover the entire field of international law, and accompanies an exposé of rules brought out by diplomatic notes or correspondence, or the legal opinions of experts, with a summary of diplomatic history which is lacking in Professor McNair's book. And while Professor Hyde's great work is a treatise, the work under review makes no pretense of presenting anything more than the opinions of advisers of the United Kingdom Government and some decisions of British Courts. So far as it goes, however, it is an outstanding contribution to the literature of international law and should be on the desk of every specialist in that field.

—John B. Whitton

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PRICE CONTROL IN FASCIST ITALY. *By Henry S. Miller. New York: Columbia University Press. 1938. 146 pages. $2.00.*

'POLITICAL dictatorship applied to economics is nonsense and disaster,' wrote Benito Mussolini in 1919. 'We do not think that national economy can be entrusted to bureaucratic and collective organizations,' he repeated at the end of 1921. During the last seventeen years the Italian dictator has had plenty of opportunity to revise his position. According to Mr. Miller, it is not long since Mussolini has made the following affirmations: 'In Fascist Italy, capital is subject to the orders of the State,' 'Prices should be controlled.' Evidently the Manchesterian of 1919–21 has gone back to the collectivism for which he had struggled thirty years ago.

When Mr. H. S. Miller, of Queens College, writes in his remarkable book that price control in Fascist Italy is based on political and not on economic considerations, he explains why Mussolini reverted from economic liberalism to his previous collectivism. In order to prevent any expression of popular discontent and to maintain itself in power, the Fascist Government of Italy has been obliged to increase control over the various aspects of individual and collective life. Prices had to come under rigid control by the State and to go the way that wages, profits, independent management in industry and trade, the monetary system, foreign trade, etc., had already gone. Dynamic Fascist politics can exist only by destroying dynamic forces in economics and by bringing about a state of crystallization in economic relations.

Mr. Miller has collected a good deal of useful information. He quotes the writings of many Italian economists who used to be considered the exponents of the so-called corporate economy and who have since lost every influence because of their Jewish origin. He has also made an extensive use of official statistics and has come to the conclusion that they are not always reliable.

Some of the data collected in the book are very interesting. Mr. Miller mentions the progressive tax of from 5 to 60 per cent on dividends aiming at transferring private profit to the hands of the State. He also mentions the levies on capital which have taken place during the last two years and forced loans which are a burden for all capital owners. Figures on real wages are particularly illuminating: since 1934, when the Confederation of Merchants initiated price control, real wages in industry went down 5 per cent according to one source and 13 per cent according to another; commercial real wages went down 8 per cent; in his book *The Plough and the Sword*, Mr. Schmidt of Columbia University has given a vivid description of the decrease in agricultural real wages. It is altogether a pretty grim picture of economic conditions under the Fascist régime.

Control of prices, from the technical point of view of enforcement, seems to have been a success. However, from the contents of the book we can conclude that price control in the Italian Fascist State cannot reduce social injustices.

—MAX SALVADORI

GUNS OR BUTTER. *By R. H. Bruce Lockhart. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1938.* 439 pages. $3.00.

MR. BRUCE LOCKHART, revisiting old haunts, gives us in this book a timely and thoughtful account of his observations in Scandinavia, Holland, Central and South Eastern Europe. His comments on the Balkans, to which he devotes more than half of his book, and his description of Vienna during Hitler's entry, and Berlin during the early days of the *Anschluss* are of particular interest.

Mr. Lockhart is distressed that too little attention has been given to the Balkans. To him these States represent an increasingly virile force. He points out that there has been too much exaggerated talk of Balkan corruption; if, instead, the Great Powers would give some constructive help, much could still be made of the new states.

While deploring the Nazi Jewish persecutions, Mr. Lockhart pictures the German scene with objective interest and understanding. In the small countries he finds people unanimous in rejecting the choice of Nazism or Bolshevism as the ultimate form of Europe's economic and spiritual life. These people see little difference in the administrative methods of the two systems and hate both. But he met no responsible public man who did not voice his belief that the key to European peace was to be found in an Anglo-German understanding. Mr. Lockhart, however, is under no illusions as to the difficulty of achieving it.

His book is written with a great deal of charm and is refreshingly free from prejudice.

—IRVINE HARVEY WILLIAMS

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(*Continued*)

holm by the Bermann-Fischer Verlag. [p. 35]

IN 'Sidelights on the Orient' Willard Price, the well-known writer on oriental affairs, describes his impression of the heroic struggle of the Chinese peasant. [p. 38] The recent purge of the staff of the Tokyo Imperial University showed the growing feud between nationalist and liberal educators. In 'Japan Turns the Screws,' the *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent in Tokyo gives further examples of how the still remaining 'radical' elements are ousted from all wakes of Japanese life. [p. 41]

PEOPLE sometimes say: 'It's raining cats and dogs.' What would happen if a larger genus were to descend upon us from the skies? Marghanita Laski deals with this improbable situation in her frolicking extravaganza 'Horseplay.' [p. 51]

THE world has long realized that the German Catholics are slated next for extermination by the Nazis. The persecutions began with the immorality trials; there followed expropriations of convents, assaults on priests, the closing of schools and monasteries. All in all, there are 27 million Catholics in Greater Germany. Once they are forced to seek refuge abroad, a problem will be thrust on the world ten times greater than that already created by the Jews. In 'The Cross and the Swastika,' Gunther Buxbaum explains why any Catholic attempt at conciliating the Nazis must fail. [p. 56]

DANGEROUS anti-British currents have arisen in the British Crown Colony of Cyprus, where the democratic institutions have been suspended since 1931 when some

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(*Continued*)

hotheads sought to overthrow British domination. The censorship and the suppression of one newspaper after another, particularly, has added to this hostility. H. G. Wells' recent remark about the 'silly firmness of the governing classes that shatters empires' may well be applied to Cyprus. Arthur Merton is the author of an exhaustive account on the subject. [p. 61] Our next article in the group 'East of the Mediterranean,' 'Arabs Meet at Night,' throws some light on the critical situation in Palestine. [p. 65] The last article deals with Egypt, which is growing increasingly alarmed about Italy's military program in Libya and her designs on the Suez Canal. [p. 67]

THE direction of Soviet foreign policy in the near future remains obscure. But the rumors of a diplomatic *rapprochement*, leading to a new trade agreement with Germany should serve as a hint to the Western Powers that they can continue to ignore Russia only at their own risk. Under the title 'Russia Looks for a Bargain,' we reprint an article from a Swiss source speculating on the future trends in Russian foreign policy. [p. 69]

OUR 'Persons' this month include the Princess Stefanie von Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, who has only recently emerged publicly on the Nazi horizon. The lady has served as a go-between for Hitler on several occasions; just now she is reported as coming to this country under an assumed name. [p. 43] Arturo Bocchini is the head of the Italian Secret Police, most of whose activities are shrouded in mystery. It may be still remembered that he had a hand in the kidnapping and murder of the brothers Rosselli, publishers of an anti-Fascist paper in France. [p. 46] Arthur Honegger, a prominent composer, is described by Paul Stefan, a Viennese music critic and writer. [p. 49]

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